

**B-DAY**

**SEX IN SAIGON**  
**THEY STRUCK OUT!**

A gallery of great looks

**THE MAN WHO COULDN'T  
GET ENOUGH**

FEBRUARY 1986 60¢



# I found the Easy Way to Escape from being a "Wage Slave"

I kept my job while customer list grew  
...then found myself in a high-profit business.

Five years ago, I wouldn't have believed that I could be where I am today.

I was deeply in debt. My self-confidence had been shaken by a disastrous business set-back. Having nobody behind me, I had floundered and failed for lack of experience, help and guidance.

When I had finished grammar school, I worked in a factory. After my World War II hitch in the Army, I opened a small grocery store. Then a new highway shut off our customers and I lost my shirt.

I tried several selling jobs including vacuum cleaners. My customers often would say, "What my carpets really need is professional cleaning." My progress was slow. I wanted a bigger income and the independence and security of my own business.

One day, a Duraclean advertisement caught my eye and I found that the dealership in my location was open. "Maybe that's it," I said to myself.

I applied for this service dealership and got it. But I had many obligations and a family to support. I couldn't quit my job so I kept on for seven months and ran my new business in spare time. My list of customers grew and grew.

When my spare time income alone was enough to keep my family going, I quit my job.

Now I was on my own—full time. My feeling of confidence was restored. I knew that I had a highly successful worldwide organization behind me. I soon learned that the cooperation, training and assistance they gave me was far more than I expected.

I also found that my six services were genuinely superior to other methods. I learned that fact from my customers. They have become my best salesmen. Their recommendations and repeat orders have become a large part of my business.

My major service is a safer and greatly improved process for cleaning upholstery and floor coverings. It's so effective that my service is endorsed by leading furniture and carpet makers. It is backed by Parents' Magazine Seal and by McCall's "Used-Tested" approval. These endorsements make orders come easy.

Trendline upholstery furniture mills recommend my Duraclean method as the safest and most effective method of cleaning fine furniture. Aldon Carpet Mills approve this process and both the Kingston Mills and the Croft Mills say it is superior. This has given customers confidence in my service.

My customers are thrilled at the personal care given their furnishings. There is no mechanical scrubbing or soaking. There are no harsh solvents or soaps. Instead of driving dirt, grime and grease deeper into the pile, it is removed by absorption. The Duraclean method doesn't merely clean...it enlivens and brightens the fibers.

With another popular service, called Durashield, I can prolong the new look of freshly cleaned or new fabrics. This process postpones resoiling.

Another service I have, called Duraproof, makes house furnishings, piano felts, blankets, and clothing repellent to moths and carpet beetles and kills both. On this, I give a 6-year warranty with each job.

Then I can flame-proof furnishings and fabrics with Duraguard which prevents fire-starts from cigarettes, candles, etc. My Spotcraft service takes out clinging spots and stains. I have a Tuftcraft service to repair holes from cigarette burns, moth damage, etc. often saving the furniture or floor covering.

With six services, I have six chances to get business from homes, hotels, theaters, clubs, motels, offices and institutions. And, when we are giving one service, the customer often adds other services while we're on the job.

The Yale Divinity School gave soiled pillows to me and two competitors to see who could do the best work. I got the job...85 long pew pillows and they were delighted with results.

That first year, full time on my own, was just wonderful. No bosses, no monotonous office or plant routine, no job uncertainty, no layoffs, no waiting for raises, no income limit. That was a relief.

I was free to do what I wanted and my income went up automatically with my efforts. I had security, the prestige of business ownership and my family was enjoying a fuller life.

Then old "bad luck" hit again. My wife broke a leg in three places and was in a wheel chair and on crutches five months. Then she injured her back and was hospitalized five weeks for another operation.

That wasn't enough. The week she came home, a dog bite sent me to the hospital for five weeks and I was confined to bed for another two months.

For a year, I was unable to give much attention to my business and the hospital and doctor bills kept piling up. Thanks to my Duraclean dealership, I pulled through and soon began to whittle down my debts.

It wasn't long till I was back on my feet and orders kept flowing in to give us the kind of life my family had wanted.

In my business, orders come from many sources including magazine ad leads which my headquarters sends me. Furniture, carpet and department stores, insurance adjusters, upholsterers and decorators refer jobs to me from their customers. Car dealers take orders and have their own used-car interiors Duracleaned for quicker resale.

My headquarters furnishes pre-tested newspaper and yellow-page ads, radio commercials, store display cards, many proven sales aids and a mailing program. We also have an order-producing telephone plan.

Our latest order getter is a full-color seven minute film we show in a prospect's home or office. One dealer closed 19 jobs from 21 calls. I haven't done quite that well.

At meetings of clubs, churches and charities, I make demonstrations and show my seven-minute film. I pay the club 10% on orders received in thirty days.

This is a highly profitable business since I make a profit on both labor and materials. I employ two servicemen. On big jobs or in rush periods I still do some servicing myself. Many dealers just line up the jobs and have several crews working. Very soon I expect to do just that.

My best week's profit (with two men) is \$700.

The service is easy to learn and so easy to do that some women dealers do servicing. The company was glad I had no cleaning experience so I didn't have to "unlearn" old scrubbing methods.

Dealers used to learn exclusively from instruction books, but now our headquarters holds regional meetings, training schools and conventions where we perfect our service, get valuable sales ideas and swap experiences with other Duraclean dealers.



The Duraclean organization is like one big happy family. We all work together. It's stimulating to attend meetings and they take a personal interest in the success of every dealer.

They place our national advertising in House & Garden, McCall's, House Beautiful and other quality magazines. They have an experienced dealer give us our first training, show us how he gets customers and help us get started.

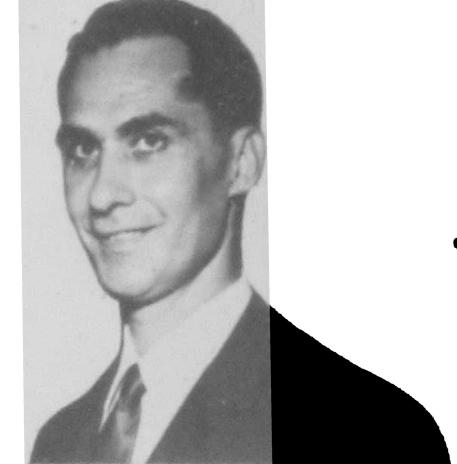
Our service is rendered right on the premises so the customer can use furnishings again in a few hours. They like this convenience.

I have now also opened up a shop for prestige and have a truck to pick up small jobs; but my wife still handles phone calls at home. Many dealers have offices or shops but I know many who started from their homes. It doesn't take long to get established. One job a day brings a good starting income.

One job brings another. We did a rug and divan for a lady in the poor section of town. A \$222 job in a large home came from her recommendation. From this job came two more new customers.

On 3 out of 5 jobs, the customer orders more service to be done then or at a future date.

Our business grows constantly, month by month, and the growth is unlimited. Government figures show that service businesses like mine are growing faster than stores or industries. In upholstery and rug cleaning alone, government figures show a na-



Tony Nobrega didn't let his limited education, large hospital bills and financial reverses stop his plans to own a business of his own.

He tells how, with a very small investment, he reached his goal ... a growing income and a fuller life for his family.

tional potential of \$750 million. And I have five other fast-growing and profitable services.

We are getting a big increase in demand from the new synthetic fabrics and light colors which soil much faster. I have the perfect process for cleaning these delicate fabrics safely.

I not only now have the kind of income I have always wanted...and it continues to get bigger...but the growing value of my dealership is increasing my net worth. One Duraclean dealer, Fuller Munroe, after only 12 months sold his dealership for ten times his cost. Leo Lubel, after 30 months sold for \$7,116 more than he paid.

One satisfaction I have is that if I get seriously ill or have to move, the company will help me find a buyer and profitably sell my dealership.

It doesn't take a lot of money to get started in this business either. If a man is honest, reliable and willing to work, the company will help finance him...let him pay out of his sales. Less than a day's servicing easily meets monthly payments. A new dealer should invest a few hundred dollars of his own to show his good faith.

The company included enough materials with my dealership to return its entire cost.

My family's new standard of living restores the faith I almost lost. We can see our way to sending our four children to college. After so many years struggle against fate, Duraclean has given us comparative luxury. My wife even enjoys her regular pay check for handling phone calls.

I am so grateful for this opportunity I found, that I am glad to tell my experience to others who may be looking for a happier and more fruitful life.

Thus all came from my mailing in a coupon from a Duraclean ad and my luck that my location was still open for a dealership.

*Tony Nobrega*

## No Obligation to Find Out

Yes, Tony mailed a coupon just like the one below...and we too are mighty glad he did. We are happy to have him in the family of Duraclean Dealers.

We still have open areas here and there throughout the U.S.A., Canada and other countries. If there is no Duraclean dealer in your location, you may be just the person we are looking for.

Mail the coupon today, now, and we'll mail you all the facts including a free 36 page illustrated booklet with no obligation. No salesman will call to bother you. You can then decide if you want the improvement in your life that Tony Nobrega enjoys.

Duraclean Co., 0-000 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, IL

Duraclean Co. 6-V42 Duraclean Bldg.  
Deerfield, Illinois

With no obligation, mail letter with 36 page illustrated booklet fully explaining how I can increase my income and family security with a Duraclean dealership. No salesman will call.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# DUDE

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# WHO SAYS MOVIES ARE BETTER THAN EVER?

A shocking thing happened recently. A Hollywood producer made a movie in which the cavalry didn't arrive in the nick of time. The Indians won. Oldtimers who have seen the film are still shaking their heads in disbelief. It was bad enough when half the movie industry fled to Italy and Yugoslavia, but what can you do when Hollywood itself starts monkeying around with the tried and true formulas that were making money when this brash new crop of script-writers were still in knickers? What, indeed, has happened to all the Great Hollywood Cliches?

If you're tired of foreign films dealing with the political problems of 16th century Japan or the suicidal impulses of Paris art students, why not think back to the good old days at Warner Bros. when Pat O'Brien was always a priest, cop, airmail pilot, fireman, or prison warden. And playing opposite him was Jimmy Cagney as a snarling ganster or a



lippy Marine Corps recruit. They really knew how to make movies in those days.

Cagney was always called "Rocky Rafferty" or something like that. He always came from Hell's Kitchen and his philosophy of life was simple—work was for suckers. He never failed to break his Maw's heart or to gun down mad dog killer Humphrey Bogart, but he died heroically enough in the last reel. Pat O'Brien, in his role of priest-cop-prison warden, tried hard to save him—and failed. It has been said of Cagney that he "dies" better than anybody else in films. Why not? He's had more practice and in time the audience came to expect it. By itself the Jimmy Cagney death scene became one of the best cliches Hollywood ever invented.

• During his Warner Bros. days Bogart died too—but never heroically. He was the gravel-voiced rat who led Jimmy Cagney astray, then tried to doublecross him or

attack his sister. Everything he did was nasty. He wore black shirts with white ties, he organized prison breaks, he had guys taken for rides, he carried two guns. Bogey was just no damn good between 1930 and 1940. Unlike Cagney, the good guy gone wrong, Bogart was so mean he twitched. He twitched his way through a raft of great old movies—*The Petrified Forest*, *Angels With Dirty Faces*, *Dead End*, *The Roaring 20's*, *Each Dawn I Die*. It wasn't until *Casablanca* that he fought his way out of the mad dog rut. When he did, the Casablanca-type Bogart became a new cliche all by itself.

In *Casablanca* Bogey played a cynical expatriate American nightclub owner with a shady past and a dangerous present. After that he was always a cynical American expatriate pulling fast deals in murky foreign surroundings. You know the sort of thing—running guns, trading in fake

passports, messing about with secret agents and hired assassins. You got the feeling that he never unstrapped his shoulder holster even when he went to bed. As a movie character he was a great cliche.

The Gary Cooper character was another memorable oldie. Lank, tacitum, bashful with the ladies, Cooper hated violence even though he lived in the midst of cattle rustling, bank robbing, prairie fires, gun fighting. He seldom drew his six-shooter, but when he did—WOW! The villians fell like ninepins. Taken together, Cooper's "Yup" and "Nope," his long-legged walk, his gee-shucks-man manner became one of our best loved cliches. Of all the great movie character cliches, only John Wayne comes close as a competitor.

Now that Hollywood has let the Indians win for the first time, perhaps it will even make a picture in which the hero doesn't find his house burned down after he comes back from

fighting the Civil War. Remember how it was in those Randolph Scott movies? The hero, weary and homesick, comes to crest of a hill, expecting to see the old ranch-house on the other side. What he finds is a pile of smoldering ashes; his father shot in the back, his wife raped and murdered, the cattle and horses run off. Even the well has been poisoned for good measure. It seems that the local land baron, often played by Barton McLane or someone just as wicked, had sent a band of masked riders to put the quietus on the stubborn old ranch owner. Getting back the ranch, knocking off McLane, clearing up a number of false charges and perhaps getting a new wife is what the picture was all about. It was predictable. It was fun.

Another thing, they don't make Western villains like they used to. When movies were simpler and better, the Villain almost always made his headquarters upstairs over the Silver Dollar Saloon, a real den of iniquity complete with painted floozies, bad whiskey and a bartender who was handy with the sawed-off shotgun he kept under the bar.

The owner himself was villainy personified. With his silky mustache, embroidered vest, black frock coat and oily manner, he couldn't be mistaken for anything but a knave. Under the veneer of sophistication—he liked to think he knew something about imported wines and Shakespeare—lurked a grubby-souled blackguard. Fast with a gun though he was, he preferred to hire others to do his dirty work. Inevitably,

though, he had to face up to the hero himself, and he always lost.

But it wasn't for want of trying. If he couldn't get rid of the hero by bribery, back shooting or threats, he didn't hesitate to employ other means—lynch mobs, crooked sheriffs, midnight stampedes, even bad women. Basically a man with a simple idea, he merely wanted to grab hold of everything in sight. Generally this included the hero's girl, a peppy young lady in a fringed buckskin skirt and fancy boots who legged it around town with a quirt in her hand and a voice as bright as an industrial diamond.

The Villain always had a woman of his own—usually the den mother to the "dance hall girls"—but although he kept her around to satisfy his fearful lusts he wanted the Hero's Girl just as he wanted all the other good things in life. Quite often it was the head Villain's intention to go respectable after he had gobbled up a vast portion of the state or territory. Some villains envisioned themselves as "the next Governor" or "the next Senator." Their ambitions were never small.

The Villain's Woman was another great cliche. Rather pretty in a brittle sort of way, she was a "soiled dove" with a Brooklyn accent or its equivalent, depending on where she was dragged up. For all her painted fingernails and rouged cheeks, she had a fierce pride. Whenever she came face to face with the Hero's Girl, they looked at one another with daggers drawn. She was faithful to the faith-

less villain, who planned to give her \$10,000 and to hustle her out of town before his wedding to the Hero's Girl.

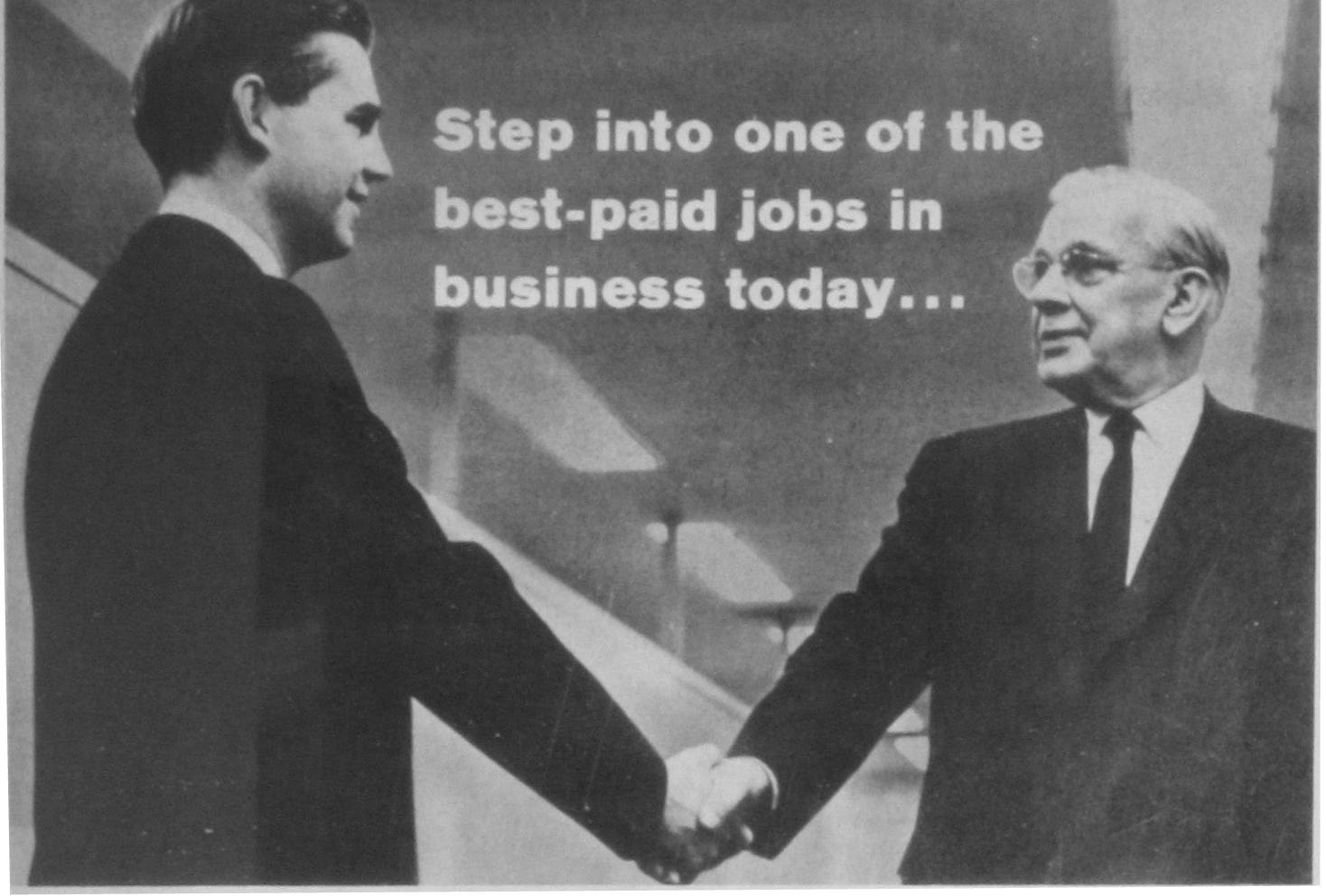
Sometimes she was played by Marie Windsor or Peggy Castle. In the original *Destry Rides Again* she was played by none other than Marlene Dietrich, who set the style for future Villain's Girls—she caught a bullet intended for the Hero and died with a rueful smile on her painted mouth. After that the Villain's Girl hardly ever got out of a movie alive. Whether it was simply



natural clumsiness or an urge toward suicide, she just couldn't keep out of the way when the lead started flying. As a cliche she was tops and the part gave a number of undistinguished actresses a chance to play a death scene, a favorite bit with the whole profession. Occasionally she was permitted to kiss the Hero as well as to die dramatically. What more could a girl ask?

Another great old character was the Villain's chief henchman. Obedient rather than bright, better equipped to carry out plans rather than to formulate them, this was the bad lad who shot the Hero's father and raped his wife. In

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# ON THE TOWN

Jack Landow

# SHOW BUSINESS

Bill Wacker

Of the hundreds of dining spots and other shops named "Joe's" and located in Brooklyn, there is only one that is outstanding, a landmark. Ask any native for directions to Joe's and his automatic response will be, "go to 44 Court Street." And, once you get there you'll know why it has been famous through the years.

In a setting from any James Bond film—luxuriously plush wine-red carpeting and ceiling, windowless flagstone-like walls, antique paintings, bowers of flowers,—one dines in elegance. The place has a mellow charm that can cater to a hearty appetite in the way expected at a restaurant with style.

The service at Joe's reflects the elegant atmosphere. The staff takes obvious pride in their menu that has been hailed as "superb" by connoisseurs. One could dine at Joe's for a month without duplicating a dinner selection.

Open seven days a week for luncheon (from 11:00 A.M.) cocktails and dinner (served through 11:00 P.M.) the cuisine ranges from knockwurst to roast tom turkey, but it is primarily Italian. The mid-day repast might include Chef's specialties such as: Joe's Special Chicken Pie, special Sauerbraten, Sirloin Steak Sandwich; or their delicious homemade pastas, daily fresh

seafood specialties, cold platters, homemade desserts, reasonably priced from \$1.50 to \$2.65 (a la carte).

The complete dinner at Joe's (four lavish courses—\$5.25, a la carte is also available) commences with a platter of condiments and homemade bread, then a choice of one dozen appetizers. Act II comes from the boiling cauldrons: homemade soups or spaghetti, manicotti, or ravioli. But leave room for Act III and the more than 20 entrees which will tempt your taste buds: Perfection in poultry—roast stuffed Cornish Hen with Cherry Sauce, Stuffed Duck, Chicken au Gratin; Veal in cutlet, scaloppine, saute; from lakes and oceans African lobster tails, Frog's legs, English sole Amandine, Rainbow trout; and all served with potatoe, fresh vegetable and salad.

When you come to Act IV, throw willpower to the winds, their desserts are homemade—pies, cakes, bread pudding, Zuppa, Tortoni, Spumoni, and more. Coffees from Irish, Roman and American descent (and tea) are available, but don't spoil the mood. The best beverages are listed, beers and wines from around the world—it's hard to believe that the streets of Brooklyn lay just beyond the portals of Joe's on Court Street.

For reservations call:  
TR 5-6000.

Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass thundered onto the American musical scene last year with a recording called "The Lonely Bull," and the group's new and exciting sound soon sold over half a million copies of the record, to an applauding public ranging in age from 10 to 70 years of age.

With its universal appeal of melody, rhythm and beat, and an innate, pulsing personality of its own, the sound of the Tijuana Brass has catapulted each subsequent Brass recording to a peak of sales that clearly registers "Hit." Albums titled "The Lonely Bull," "Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass," "South of the Border," "The Tijuana Brass Volumn 2," "Whipped Cream," and the latest "Herb Alpert & The T.J.B. Going Places" have all met with great success.

With the popularity of the sound and the songs, came a country-wide public demand for personal appearances, as fans always want to see their artists in person. While the first few Brass recordings were made by studio musicians assembled to play Alpert's own unique arrangements, it soon became evident that a permanent group called The Tijuana Brass would have to be the obvious outcome of record fame. Alpert and his partner, Jerry Moss, for whose A & M (Alpert and Moss) record label the Brass platters had been recorded, hand-picked a group of top rate musicians with personalities to match their musical talent,

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# CINDY



As a Californian Cindy Caravalho has at least two claims to fame: she was born in Monterey (not Iowa) and she still lives less than five miles from the old homestead, a broccoli farm operated by her father and grandfather. "I'm Portuguese by descent," Cindy says, "but my family has been in the Monterey district since about 1870. By California standards, that's like coming over on the Mayflower." The first Caravalhos were fishermen from the Azores who decided the fish were bigger in the Pacific. After a bunch of ancestors went down in a storm, the family decided farming was safer. They've been at it ever since. "You might call us hip farmers," Cindy says. "That's what is so great about running a farm in California. After you get out of overalls, you can always drive down to the beach for a swim." Cindy is proud of the old broccoli ranch, but it really isn't her cup of tea. I get out there every Sunday, though," she says. "I wouldn't miss Momma's cooking. I keep telling her she should open a swinging restaurant, one of those waterfront places with plain furniture and fancy prices. But she won't leave the farm—maybe she's right." Cindy's own pad is located high on a hill overlooking the bay. "On a clear day I can see Hawaii. At least I think I can. I have lots of imagination." What does the family think of Cindy's photographic career? "They like it," she says. "I said they were farmers—but hip."











## Are The Movies Better Than Ever? (Continued from page 6)

at least one picture he was called "Ace Jardine," and a name like that summed up his entire character. He had lots of names, in lots of pictures, but Ace Jardine can hardly be improved upon.

Brimming over with self confidence (he has a "reputation"), he could hardly be more willing to kill the Hero. But he failed in one murder attempt after another. "Don't worry, boss, I'll take care of that guy," he kept assuring his understandably impatient employer, who can't see why shooting someone in the back was such a big deal. However, he never failed to fail—and you just knew he was going to get what—for sooner or later.

Usually it was later, within the last fifteen minutes or so. First, the chief henchman got it, leaving the Villain to face the Hero alone. After the Villain was shot down, the director generally allowed five additional minutes to tie up all the loose ends—restoring the Hero to his ranch, getting him married, giving the Hero's Pardner time to get off one last bad joke.

The Hero's Pardner was not a standard cliche of all cowboy pictures. For instance, Randolph Scott never had a pardner except for a few early movies in which he teamed up with George "Gabby" Hayes. As a wooden character the Hero's Pardner belongs to the kiddy westerns, those of Gene Autry, Roy Rogers, Hopalong Cassidy, Tim Holt, and others. Gabby Hayes was probably the best known of all the Hero's

Pardners. Fuzzy Knight was well known too. So was Raymond Hatton.

With few exceptions the Hero's Pardner was comic, querulous, boastful, illiterate, dirty, dim witted, sometimes cowardly. We remeinder him as forever middle-aged or elderly, a little given to red eye and a lot to tobacco, a mortal enemy of the barbershop, something of a glutton and a liar. Life and its sexual pleasures seem to have passed him by. Once in a while a kindly director would give him a few low comedy scenes with the fat Mexican cook. Indeed, there were a few films in which the Hero's Pardner doused himself with toilet water, in lieu of a bath, and went a-corting. Needless to say, he never got anything. He was lucky if he escaped without falling into the pigpen or being chased by the Mexican cook's husband armed with a meat cleaver. It is not a wholesome thought to imagine what he did when he returned to the bunkhouse with his passions still unrelieved.

Sometimes the Hero had two pardners. One example of this is the famous old *Three Mesquiteer* series of oat-burners. As one writer has described them, they were "an elderly bore" and a "fresh-cheeked and cheeky youngster." The same writer, Boyd Dembroder, said: "As clearly as memory serves, the Hero regarded both pardners with a sort of amused disdain while they, in turn, bickered incessantly about everything. Sometimes, indeed, the Hero found it necessary to address his pardners in the following manner: 'Yew air the doggonest

pair of galoots Ah ever rode with. Wynt yew button hup yore lip so's a man kin git some peace an' quiet.'

"Taking one pardner or two, there is always the question of why the Hero, often well read and quietly intelligent, chose to "ride with" such idiots. It is true that having a pardner sometimes guaranteed his not being shot in the back while he faced down a gang of saloon bullies or crept up to the shack where the Villain's men were holding the kidnaped heroine, but was this reason enough to endure the elderly pardner's insufferable stories and intolerable cooking? Yet, as we have seen so often, the Hero not only endured his pardners, but seemed to enjoy their company."

To get away from the sagebrush scene, which had become something of a cliche even before the movies, there are a number of fine hackneyed situations that have never received proper attention. Millions of slightly older moviegoers will remember the Chinese laundry bit that was used frequently in newspaper pictures. Whenever the Hero, played by some fast-talking actor, received a telephone call he didn't want to take, he said in a no-tickee no-washee accent, "Luck Sun Laundry." He kept repeating it until the party at the other end of the line hung up in disgust.

Then there was the other one—the Mexican bandit whose name was Luis Garcia Lopez Rodriguez O'Toole. This one really cracked them up in the 1930's.

The musicals had some fine moments too. You are

(Continued on page 66)

# THE MAN WHO COULDN'T GET ENOUGH

*Thomas J. Rolfe*

Judge Otto Knieschke had seen many strange things during his career in the Criminal Court, Hamburg, Germany. Now he'd seen everything. The man standing before the bench was 36-year-old Wilfred Krueger, a photographer by profession. To say he wasn't handsome would be an understatement. With his long nose, weak chin and stringy hair, he was no matinee idol. However, it wasn't Krueger's looks that fascinated the Judge. It was the charge on which he had just been convicted—*seducing more than 500 pretty young girls by false pretences*.

Judge Knieschke wasn't the only one who was astonished as one beautiful girl after another gave evidence of Krueger's way with women. Looking at the homely little photographer, the male spectators who jammed the court-

room for the sensational trial turned green with envy. It was almost too much to believe, yet there it was—the truth and nothing but the truth. What was even harder to swallow—Krueger had seduced the 500 girls within a single year. Not only that, most of the wronged maidens who testified admitted they had kept the little scoundrel well supplied with money and other comforts. It was like something out of a screenplay written by King Farouk and Porfirio Rubirosa, produced by Tommy Manville, directed by Aly Khan, and starring Errol Flynn.

Wilfred Krueger, now serving a nine year sentence (with five years off if he promises to give up photography for good) had neither looks, money or artistic skill going for him. Yet, give the devil his due, he must be ranked

with the great lovers of all time. In Germany he is already a legend. Even in Hamburg, a notoriously sinful city where everything goes, his adventures are compared to those of the immortal Casanova, whom he is said to resemble.

Yes, Casanova was homely too. So were many of history's greatest lovers as a matter of fact. Why beautiful women are often attracted to nondescript men is a question that still bothers the psychologists. One school of thought holds that certain women attach themselves to such men because they appear more beautiful by contrast. Whatever the reason, Krueger's case history is already textbook material.

Like most successful men, in business or elsewhere, Wilfred Krueger was possessed of one simple idea and the courage to carry it out. Like



Henry Ford and his Model T, Krueger believed that if the public liked a good idea it could be used over and over again. In Krueger's case the public meant pretty girls. And if Hamburg has nothing else, it has lots of pretty girls. It has been called the "Paris of northern Germany" and ambitious young frauleins come there from all over, even from Denmark and Sweden. At least 500 of them ran into Wilfred Krueger.

Ironically, Krueger wasn't even a very good photographer. He was adequate, nothing more. However, in these days of simplified cameras, anybody who can hold a camera steady can take a passable picture. Krueger was a little better than that. Starting out hopefully as a commercial photographer, he soon turned his lens to rather shady pursuits. Nobody knows whether he was girl crazy before he became a photographer, or whether that came later, but girl crazy he was.

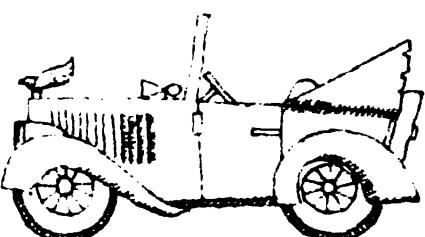
Like all struggling photographers with "artistic" natures, Krueger dreamed of the day when he'd crash the jet set scene and become world famous for his exclusive photographs of Brigitte Bardot, Claudia Cardinale, Sophia Loren—all the great glamor queens. In time he got his daydreams and reality all mixed up. That's why Hamburg won't be seeing him for at least another three years.

According to the evidence at his trial, Krueger began modestly enough. Whenever some pretty girl caught his eye, he would introduce himself as "Wilfred Krueger

the photographer. Perhaps you know my work." Naturally they hadn't. Sometimes, though, they said "Yes" because of kindness or ambition. Krueger still hadn't developed an arrogant approach in those days. That was to come later after he became more sure of himself.

A complete scoundrel in every sense, Krueger liked only "nice" girls. The others—the B-girls, chorus girls, party girls—he stayed away from. Perhaps he was afraid the more experienced Hamburgers would see right through his threadbare act. Anyway, Wilfred looked the other way when he saw them coming.

One of Krueger's favorite approaches was to stroll through the Hamburg business district during the lunch hour until he spotted some pretty secretary, file clerk or sales-girl nibbling daintily on her bratwurst. Walking past with



a distracted air, he would do a double-take, then slap his forehead as though he couldn't stand so much beauty. "Forgive me for staring," was the opening line. "As you see I'm a photographer (he always had several cameras draped around his neck) and I get carried away by my work." This corny line was always delivered with just the right note of humility and professional interest.

Still playing the self-minded, beauty-loving photographer, Krueger then sat down without waiting to be asked. As the court evidence later proved, this head-on approach worked more than half the time. Some of the girls, the more sophisticated types, didn't believe him but were amused by his gall. But he seduced some sophisticates too. Others, the motherly kind, didn't believe him either: they felt sorry for him. These he seduced as successfully as the others. And of course there were the girls, in still another category, who weren't interested but were too embarrassed to make a scene. Occasionally, Wilfred the Wily bumped into an outspoken fraulein who told him to buzz off before she called the cops.

Encouraged by his early success, Wilfred grew bolder. He started accosting girls in elevators and parks. When that worked too, most of the time, he began to wonder if he shouldn't drop the humble line althogether. In the beginning he always billed himself as "Wilfred Krueger the photographer." This was as if to say, "I'm good but I'm not really great." In this role Krueger didn't promise to make the girls movie stars or famous fashion models. He merely promised to do his best. It was a clever line and he might not be in prison now if he had stuck with it. He couldn't be compelled to deliver something he hadn't promised.

But Wilfred, like so many little men of no importance, was all choked up with conceit. Having tasted a little

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"HE SAID HE'S REACHED THE SATURATION POINT...WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?"

Ray Charles chants a lament called *Born To Lose*, and it would seem that some people and some things are destined to never make it. Some get off to a good start, then gradually slide downhill. Others never get off the ground. There are all sorts of losers: the important thing is to think big, to lose on a grand scale. Look at Julius Caesar if



you want a good example. History may rate him as a success, but he struck out with Cleopatra and ended up with more holes in him than a summer undershirt. So, Shakespeare and Shaw to the contrary, Big Julie must be listed under a capital "L."

Then you have Serge Rubinstein, the notorious draft dodger and mystery millionaire who had



more girls than Sinatra and more gall than DeGaulle. He earned his place in the gallery of great losers when they found him gagged and bound and dead in his New York town house about ten years ago. They never even caught his killer, and that makes him a bigger loser than usual. He had everything to lose--and he lost it.



Losing is an art. Tommy Manville of the many marriages seems to have mastered it. And you might even say he *likes* to lose. How else can you explain his revolving door approach to marriage? All his life Tommy went bravely to battle and he always fell. Everytime he spends two dollars for a marriage license it costs him a million, or there-

## A GALLERY OF

# GREAT

abouts, and still he comes back for more. The high school yearbook that voted him "most likely to succeed" was lying in its teeth. If they ever get around to building a Loser's Hall of Fame, T.M. deserves a special place right in the main lobby.

In Hollywood they play a game called **WHATEVER HAPPENED TO?** at parties. The players fill in their own favor-

# LOSERS

ites. Personally we like "**Whatever happened to Tab Hunter?**" Tab had everything going for him a big studio build-up, movies with Sophia Loren--and where is he now? Where is the Tab Hunter Show that fizzles on television? Tab is still around, of course, but they've stopped beating down his door some time ago. Why? As an actor Tab is no great



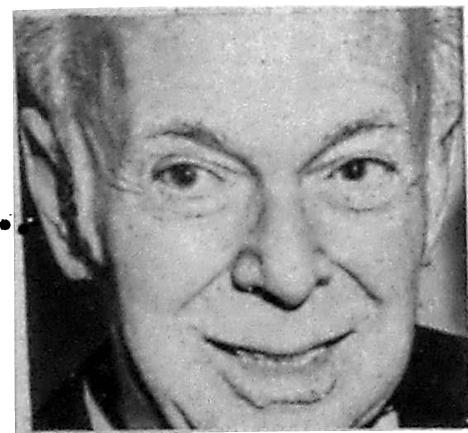
had sabotaged his good looks during the Nixon - Kennedy debates. And telling off the press that time was a great bit of Losership. It got him in solid--in reverse. Since then he has been keeping rather quiet, but whenever he does speak out he never fails to increase his reputation as a Great Loser. If, as some people believe, he can snag the

shakes, but is he any worse than a dozen other wooden stars who have managed to parlay their meager talents into permanent incomes? Tab struck out.

Dick Nixon is another great loser who let success get away from him. He rode into the White House on Ike's coat-tails. But



once Dwight D. went home to Gettysburg, Dick was on his own. As a loser Nixon is tops. He lost the Presidency to Jack Kennedy, the California Governorship to Pat Brown. He lost the cosmeticians vote when he complained that a TV make-up man



Republican nomination for President in 1968, he really will break his own record as a strike out artist.

Around the political club-houses they have a joke that Nixon has been taking Loser Pills Prescribed by Dr. Tom Dewey. Now there's a man who knows how to lose! Unlike Nixon, Dewey never chewed out the press or blasted cosmetics,



yet he had the mark of the born loser. As a gang-busting district attorney and Governor of New York State, he made a fine record. He could have remained a modest success. Instead, all honor to him, to chose to become a Great Loser. Even if Eleanor Roosevelt hadn't; on one occasion, described him as looking like the toy bridegroom on a wedding cake



it would have been impossible to hold back his career as a loser. His fame, like Nixons, remains secure.

Remember the Edsel? The Ford Company would like to forget it. However, millions of Americans have fond memories of that great lemon. They couldn't sell it, they couldn't give



it away. To own it was a joke, to drive it required great self confidence. As a loser it was a winner. Other cars, those monstrosities with fish tails, faded out after several years. The Edsel lost right away. As a car it was as good as many others, but it had that indefinable

## THEY STRUCK OUT

Jesse Freil

something that all great strike-outs have. It looked WRONG. You still see an occasional Edsel on the back roads of northern Maine or on the desolate plains of West Texas--and you know something? It still looks WRONG. A thousand years from now scientists will dig up an Edsel from the ruins of ancient Detroit. They will write in their reports: "It looks WRONG"

Years ago people papered their attics with useless Confederate money. Today the smart thing is to have your lumber room papered with 3-D movie stock certificates. Perhaps you know some Great Loser with a warehouse filled with 3-D glasses he's still trying to move? The way things are going, the South may rise again--3-D movies never. They have gone to that Great Junkyard in the sky along with Prohibition, the Tucker Car, Harold Stassen's chances of being President, the League of Nations, the Florida movie industry, Collier's magazine, double breasted suits, and *Naked City*. As great failures their closest rival remains Smell-O-Vision movies, and they, too make a bad joke, never raised much of a stink. 3-D movies, we salute you!

Have you bought any good bomb shelters lately? You haven't--not if we can believe the news magazines. Khrushchev gave the bomb shelter business a real boost when he stashed those missiles in Cuba, then Kennedy spoiled everything by making him take them out again. While the Cuban Crisis was building up a showdown, the bomb shelter manufacturers did a better business than an army town brothel. Unfortunately (for the manufacturers) we were spared a nuclear brawl. Sales took a dive and so did profits. Another Great Loser had made the grade.

Speaking of world wars, it

would hardly be fair to pass over such grandiose failures as A. Hitler and B. Mussolini. You might not want Hitler to marry your daughter, or to eat a pizza prepared by Mussolini, but you can't deny they knew how to lose in the grand manner. Together they lost the whole world and, man, what else is there? If Hitler had stayed with paper-hanging he might own his own contracting company by now. If Mussolini had remained a novelist he might have written *Candy*. The point is--they wanted to lose big and they did.

One of the biggest losers in recent years was the late Marilyn Monroe. In her own way a greater star than Liz Taylor, who is a household word rather than the symbol of an age, Marilyn was "ghost haunted," as the fan magazine writers say. She had the world on a string, and she was determined to cut it adrift. A born loser, Marilyn resisted all efforts to help her. Given her own set of circumstances, there was really no other possible end to her life. Some losers are just losers--MM was a lost loser.

Eddie Fisher is not a super star, but he is a super loser. He lost Liz Taylor, didn't he, and only Nicky Hilton and Michael Wilding can make a similar claim to losing fame. However, apart from the loss of Liz, Eddie has an air of Lostness about him that can be duplicated only by great actors. Although rich and very much in demand, socially and professionally, Eddie's air of "being out of it" delights students of the Art of Losing. This itself is an unique achievement since Eddie seldom strays from the company of beautiful, exciting women. We think an Eddie Fisher Award is long overdue.

In real estate the prize for best losing must go to Brazil--for Brasilia--that great white elephant of a city that stands half finished in the middle of the

jungle, like New York, everybody wants to visit Brasilia but nobody wants to live there. Patriotic Americans must turn green with envy when they consider that by comparison the best they can do in ghost towns are clusters of ratty shacks with names like Dead Man's Gulch and Cottonwood City. The Brazilians built a billion dollar capitol right in the middle of nowhere, then sort of wandered off and left it, that really is losing in the heroic manner.

No list of losers is complete with Johnny Stompanato, the young lover who got knifed to death in Lana Turner's bedroom some years ago. Johnny had everything going for him--he'd really crashed the Hollywood inner circle--and he might have gone on to even greater things if Lana's daughter hadn't used bare bodkin in his Muscle Beach frame. Johnny loved and lost all he had to lose. Like a giant garbage disposal unit. Hollywood takes them in--the good and the bad--and tears them to shreds. It's natural for Great Losers.

Guys who have to make do with one wife and one mistress still hate the memory of King Farouk. They shouldn't--he was a loser. Sure he had money and girls, but he was still a 14-carat failure. As a slim, young idealistic king, Farouk came to power with the best of intentions. Did you know that he once was commander in chief of the Boy Scouts in Egypt? He wrote poetry, he wanted to abolish poverty, he longed to be a great man. So what happened to him? He ended up a dead fat slob in an allnight cafe outside Rome. For ten years, with his rolls of blubber and black sunglasses, he was the punching bag of every expose magazine in the world. Nobody loved the poor guy, nobody mourned his passing. That's

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## A MATTER OF APTITUDE

J. P. LEVINE

"What do you think dear?" Asked Peter Milkin. "After all, it may be the chance for an entirely new life."

He looked anxiously over the breakfast table at his wife.

"Huh?" grunted Hazel. She was busy reading the gossip column—between munching toast dripping with butter and gulping mouthfulls of coffee. Peter never said anything worth listening to anyway.

This time he was more insistent. After ten years as a billing clerk in a department store, where most of the office had to think twice before remembering his name, he saw a chance to get out and become someone. Nothing great, of course, but maybe doing a job he liked—and being paid more than \$70 a week.

"It would cost about \$75, and I'd have to take some time off

from work," he said, his voice shaking a little.

At the mention of \$75 his wife laid down the paper and stared at him.

"What will cost \$75?" Then, butting in as Pete began to answer, she said: "Pass the coffee first."

She lit a cigarette as Pete got the coffee from the stove, then stuck the match in a piece of uneaten toast on her plate. He poured her coffee without speaking and, after hesitating a moment, filled his own cup and sat down.

"Well. What's all this about \$75? Think you need a new suit again?"

"No dear, of course not." He looked down at his hands. "It's for an aptitude test," he said.

"An aptitude test." Hazel said flatly, then added in an almost reasonable voice: "Alright,

tell me about it—all about it."

Encouraged by her tone Pete rushed on. "I heard this man at office. He was talking about a series of tests that you can take and the results show what your hidden potential is. And if you get a job where you can use your hidden talent you'll not only enjoy your work but be good at it and probably make much more money."

Hazel stopped the flood with a wave of her hand.

"What about the aptitude test they gave you at the store when you started working there? I suppose that didn't really count?"

Pete was immune to her sarcasm. He saw a ray of sunshine and was determined to try to climb it in spite of his wife's wrath.

"But that wasn't a real test." He blurted. "It only took half

an hour. The one this salesman took lasted for three days and included everything."

He took a large mouthfull of coffee and tried to explain more carefully by remembering how the salesman had told him about it.

"These tests are more of a psychological nature," he said.

Hazel's eyebrows raised half an inch, then lowered as she took a deep drag of her cigarette, but she didn't speak.

"Actually the idea of the tests is to find out what you subconsciously desire and then to see what your intellectual promise consists of, then they join the findings and tell you the results." Pete paused for breath and quickly tried to remember what else he had heard.

Hazel laughed shortly. She stubbed her cigarette beside the match stuck in the piece of uneaten toast. Then she said: "So, you think maybe you're a budding genius? You think that the store's test was a waste of time?"

Pete opened his mouth to speak but thought better of it. He stared at his coffee as she continued: "Of course. A big store like Jasons spends thousands of dollars each year giving their new employees aptitude tests that really aren't worth a damn." Pete winced as she spat words at him. "Psychological tests! I've never heard anything so ridiculous. But maybe you do need a doctor. Not to find hidden aptitudes that you haven't got, but to find out if you're sane. What about the rent and the bills?"

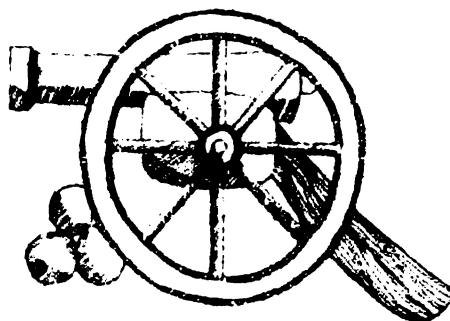
She didn't wait for an answer but carried on the tirade for the next ten minutes. She was still insulting him when he left the house to catch the bus to work. He could clearly hear her complaining in the kitchen as he

quietly closed the front door.

Sitting on the bus he thought of her. When they were first married it had been fun. They were the same age, and she was well built and relaxed. Now she was built like a weight-lifter and as domineering as a top sergeant.

Later, as he sat in the park eating his sandwiches from a brown paper bag, he thought of the tests. It wasn't fair. He was entitled to a chance in life. Even if he wasn't a genius, and maybe he really was, as a painter or something—he was still entitled to find out.

What right had she to take his life and run it? After all, marriage wasn't supposed to be the end. He was only forty-two and with a better job and money he still had a chance to really



live. Maybe he'd find he had real talent. He would leave her and start a new life under another name. Maybe he had acting or writing abilities and would find an exciting future in Hollywood. Who really knew Peter Milkin or what unlimited potential he had? Pete had to admit he didn't, so it was quite likely no one else did.

The rest of Pete's day passed in a daze. He knew he had to take the tests. He just had to. His future depended on it. Coming home on the bus he still hadn't arrived at any solution, and when Hazel started whining again it was merely background music for

his thoughts.

He gave her his unopened paycheck as usual, and she (as usual) complained that he didn't earn enough. Then, giving him back five dollars, she left for her sister's house on the other side of town. Every Friday between six and six-thirty (after he had arrived with his check) she went to her sisters' home to play cards and gossip. And each Friday, when she had left, Pete would walk to the corner bar, have one beer, buy a pack of cigarettes and walk home to watch television for the rest of the evening.

This Friday evening was the same as any other. Pete drank his beer slowly and left the bar just before seven-thirty. That was the time his favorite murder mystery came on television and he arrived home just in time to catch it. The difference this time was that his mind was still full of the tests. He sat in the easy chair without switching on the set and smoked cigarette after cigarette. By the time he had smoked half the pack his throat was sore and he had thought of a plan.

Two weeks later he felt fine. Hazel had nagged him for days when he told her he had lost his wedding ring and the plumbers couldn't understand why it hadn't been caught in the trap under the sink. Pete did, and often sneaked a look at his new deposit book hidden in the back of his desk at the office. It showed one entry—\$80.

After calling the psychologist's office and making an appointment for the following week, Pete began to get scared and it was only his faith in the results of the tests that kept him from calling and cancelling the whole thing. But his future depended on it and for the first

time in his life he found a little courage.

The next Monday he left for work but didn't go. Instead he called the office from a drug store, complained of being sick, and said he had an appointment with a doctor (which was almost true). He waited anxiously for the bank to open and, after closing his account, rushed to the psychologist's office on the next block.

"Mr. Peter Milkin?" The receptionist said: Would you come this way please. Doctor Ambrose is waiting for you."

Pete followed her into the office and sat in a leather chair facing a large desk. The receptionist smiled and left the room.

A moment later the doctor came in and extended his hand.

"Ah Mr. Milkin, delighted to meet you. No, no, please don't get up."

When Dr. Ambrose sat at his desk Pete couldn't help feeling he looked like one of those TV doctors. The round, almost serene face, bald head and rimless glasses. He wondered if Dr. Ambrose worked part-time on commercials.

"Well, Mr. Milkin, I think the best thing is for you to tell me all about yourself, then I'll tell you how we conduct the tests and what you can expect from them." He laughed and added. "There's still time to back out you know."

Pete laughed half-heartedly and said he had no intention of backing out. Then, rather briefly, told the doctor about himself and his job, leaving out nothing except the more unpleasant facts of his life with Hazel. He noted that Dr. Ambrose was very attentive and sympathetic, but thought he noticed a slight change of expression when he mentioned his job and salary.

When Pete finished, Dr. Ambrose took off his glasses and began cleaning them with his handkerchief. He smiled and said: "I'm glad Mr. Milkin, glad that there are men like you who understand the value of modern science and are intelligent enough to take advantage of it. All too often a man will spend years behind a desk because he has somehow got the impression he belongs there, when really his future is limitless and is entirely in his own hands." He put his glasses back on and beamed. "Now, of course I'm sure you realize that to say more before I know the results of your tests would be tactless and impractical, so I'll say no more."

Dr. Ambrose pressed a button on his desk and spoke into it. "Would you send Dr. Neilson in please?" he said.

Then turning back to Pete who was feeling let-down, but not sure why, Dr. Ambrose said: "I'm turning you over to Dr. Neilson now, Mr. Milkin. I'm sure that you and he will get along famously and I can assure you that he's one of the finest men in the state. Dr. Neilson will give you all your tests and then I shall analyze the results. Of course I'll stop by and see how things are going so you don't have a thing to worry about."

At that moment a young man entered the office.

"Ah, Dr. Neilson." Said Dr. Ambrose. "This is Mr. Milkin, he will start his aptitude tests after lunch and I'm depending on you to look after him."

The young doctor smiled at Pete and shook hands. "My pleasure, sir. Will one o'clock be alright?"

Pete nodded his agreement and found himself being ushered out to an accompaniment of earnest wishes and good luck

from Dr. Ambrose. He left the building completely confused.

For the next two and a half days Pete left for work at his usual time, called the office from the drug store and took tests from Dr. Neilson. He always got home at the right time and Hazel nagged as much as ever.

It was on the second day of the tests that Dr. Neilson invited Pete to have lunch with him. Pete accepted and they ate at a small restaurant near the medical building. Ralph Neilson apparently took quite a liking to Pete and Pete couldn't help feeling at ease in Neilson's company. Before the meal was over Ralph (he insisted on being called by his first name) knew the complete story of Pete's life, including the parts concerning Hazel and his phony sickness to get away from work.

Never had Pete met a more friendly and sympathetic person. He told Ralph about his weekly drink at the bar on the corner, about his being able to solve all the mysteries on television before the first commercial and of how he dreaded the thought of spending the rest of his life that way.

The following afternoon Pete sat anxiously in Dr. Ambrose's office watching him reading over a thick sheaf of papers—Pete's test results. He felt himself getting more nervous by the minute. He looked at Ralph, who stood beside the desk, but he gave no indication of what was coming.

"Mr. Milkin," the doctor said when he finished reading the reports. "I'm really very pleased, very pleased indeed with your results."

Pete felt waves of relief pass over him and smiled in return.

Dr. Ambrose continued. "I

suggest you ask for a transfer at your place of employment to—I think something like organization planning or internal security. The two strong traits that keep recurring in your tests are organizing and detail—you definitely belong in management.

Remember, there's always room at the top for the man who knows his own ability and is prepared to use it."

The doctor talked for a few more minutes giving constant encouragement and using expressions like "the world is your oyster" and "nothing ventured, nothing gained." He concluded by saying that a full report would be typed and sent on within a few days. Pete quickly said it wasn't necessary and that he would remember all that was said. The three men shook hands, the doctors wishing Pete all the luck in the world and telling him to feel free to drop in any time he felt like it. The receptionist also wished him luck.

Pete walked on air. He would go into the store, tell them he had tremendous management ability (he could use Dr. Ambrose as a reference) and from then on he would be on the way up. His ability, once proven, would mean a substantial increase in salary and Hazel would no longer nag him but point him out with pride as an example of what a man could really do once he set his mind to it.

While watching television that evening it suddenly occurred to him that his department head might fire him if he knew Pete pretended illness to take an aptitude test. And what would Hazel say if she ever found that he had defied her? The thought of Hazel ever finding out sent cold shivers down his back.

He didn't sleep very well that night. His dreams of sitting

behind a huge desk giving dictation to a beautiful secretary, kept getting confused with dreams of his wife seeing his wedding ring for sale in a pawnbroker's window.

At the office next morning, only his department head and a typist made any mention of his absence—and both briefly. Pete didn't use any of the descriptions of symptoms he had memorized, but merely walked around with a slightly pained expression on his face. He decided he wouldn't speak to anyone about his hidden potentials just yet but would wait until his three days absence were completely forgotten.

By that weekend Pete had convinced himself he was living in a dream world. He had seen his department head and asked diffidently what his future with the company might be, and whether there was any chance of a promotion. He was told that the only men in management were those who had graduated from college with business degrees. However, if he was unhappy with his present job, they would be only too happy to give him an excellent reference. Pete hastily assured him that he was very happy and was only wondering.

The next Friday at seven o'clock Pete sat drinking his beer at the corner bar. Life was hell. Since asking about a promotion at the office everyone had been giving him peculiar looks, and at home Hazel was getting worse.

"Hi Pete." He looked up and saw Ralph Neilson slip into a chair at his table. Neilson had a beer in his hand.

Pete felt a surge of anger at the psychologist.

"What do you want?" Without waiting for a reply he muttered: "You know, I think you and Dr. Ambrose lied to me. I haven't any potentials at all." Why did you

both lie to me?"

Dr. Neilson smiled and answered gently. "We didn't lie. That's why I'm here." Then, as Pete looked puzzled, he went on: "You see Pete, there are many people like you who have dreams of great talents, and Dr. Ambrose tells you what those talents are. What he doesn't tell you is—that you are weak willed, have no courage or perseverance, and will always be a failure."

Pete flushed, and asked bitterly, "Then why ARE you here?"

"Because although I'm only an assistant at the office, I have my own sidelines that Dr. Ambrose doesn't know about—that is, I sometimes recommend people for various types of employment."

"Where do I come in?" interrupted Pete.

"You're one of the people I have recommended." He paused and took a card from his wallet. He laid it on the table as he stood up.

Pete picked it up and looked at it carefully. J. PERROLIO ASSOCIATES.

"What does this mean?" He looked at Neilson with the puzzled manner of a child.

Neilson leaned both hands on the table and said. "I have recommended you to this company because I know you better than you know yourself. You will enjoy your work, have plenty of time off, be respected by your fellow employees and will earn an exceptionally good salary."

Pete looked at the card again, this time reading the address and telephone number. When he looked up a moment later, Dr. Neilson had left.

Telling Hazel he had to go into work that Saturday morning, Pete took the bus into town. In his pocket he had the business card he had picked up the even-

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Jo Danbury sounds more like a Texan than a Floridian. She just can't help bragging about her home state. A believer in the old fashioned hard-sell method of advertising, Jo likes to knock unsuspecting visitors off their balance with such questions as: "Did you know Florida has the largest phosphate works in the world? Would you believe we have more than 30,000 lakes in this state? Can you imagine we pull in 175,000,000 pounds of fish every year?" Usually the visitor mutters something like: "Well, actually, I haven't given the matter much thought." At this point Jo breaks up and admits she isn't working for the State Chamber of Commerce after all. "But we can't let Texas and California have a monopoly on boasting, can we?" she asks. Sometimes, when she's feeling mischievous and the visitor is a Calif.-she adds: "Would you like a really good orange?" Now a model, Jo would like to get into movies—Florida movies. When reminded that Florida doesn't have a movie industry, Jo says: "It won't be long now. We have all the right locations—desert islands, jungles, seashore, prairies, cattle ranches. I'll be right here, waiting, when Hollywood decides to move East. And who ever heard of smog in Florida?"



jo danbury



















# TO MAKE ANOTHER BED

*Charles Louis Philippe*

Antoine opened the door and said "I'm back." Alexandrine, his wife, was not surprised. Each knock at the door during the four years of his absence had always made her think, *perhaps he's back.* "Come in," she said now.

He sat down and leaned against the back of his chair and not finding anything to say looked the other way. He was utterly at a loss.

The three children were playing some game at the kitchen table. They saw that a man had come in—a man like all the others who came and went. They went on with their game. Only Antoinette, who was almost thirteen, kept looking up at him. "Oh it's Papa," she said and jumped up. He patted her head, but didn't dare kiss her. It didn't seem right after the way things had been.

Just at that moment the door opened and Baptiste Ponet, a carpenter, came in with such assurance that Antoine understood everything without any explanations. They were old friends. "Yes, you see it's me," Antoine said, getting up.

"Sit down," Baptiste answered. They both were men who understood what life was all about. "So you're back."

"How are things with you?" Antoine asked.

"My wife died since you...since you went away," Baptiste said. "Things change. Things always change."

"Yes, I know," Antoine said.

They didn't say anything else for several minutes. "You know how it was with me," Antoine said. "I had so many debts and no job. I thought they didn't need a drunkard

with no job and no money. I suppose I should have written."

Baptiste shrugged.

Antoine said next: "I see it would have been better if I had not returned."

Baptiste shrugged again. He said: "I suppose...but a man thinks of his wife and children."

They were very kind to him, as he sat shifting restlessly in his chair and seeming anxious to leave, like a person who has no reason for staying. Baptiste said, "But you can't leave again just like that. There are many things to talk about." Baptiste turned to Antoine's wife. "Isn't that right?" he asked.

She nodded, looking at Antoine.

"Of course it is," Baptiste said. "We will open a bottle of wine." He got up to get it, shushing Antoine's protests

that he didn't want to put them to any expense on his behalf. "It's nothing," the carpenter said.

While they drank the wine Baptiste politely asked him how he'd managed over the years. Antoine was honest. He said he lived in a cheap hotel in Paris and ate in restaurants. The best job he'd had was working in the Metropolitan subway. "That must have been interesting," Baptiste said.

Then Baptiste told him all the village gossip. Langevin the pork butcher had died and the business was being carried on by his son. The meat wasn't as good as it was in the old man's time. "Everything's about the same," he said.

The wine had cheered Antoine a little. "What we need are some cigars and another bottle of wine," he said. Despite Baptiste's protests that he was a guest, Antoine took some money from his pocket and told his daughter to run out to Larmingat's Cafe. "Hurry now," he said.

Later, while Antoine's wife was putting the children to bed, Antoine and Baptiste smoked and drank the last of the wine and talked about old times. They had once served together in the infantry. Finally, when Baptiste could stand it no longer, he said "You see how it is with me and Alexandrine. You don't have to be told. You see, my wife was dead and I needed the company of a woman. I couldn't keep marrying and remarrying all the time. You must believe it has turned out well. I've been good to Alexandrine and the children."

"I can see that," Antoine said, "and there is nothing to be said. Life must go on." He stood up and looked at his watch. "It's late and I should leave. I should never have come back—it was a mistake. I have no rights here anymore."

"Must you leave?" Baptiste asked, trying to think. "You are tired and want to come home. I can see that. I can see, too, that you have changed. It doesn't seem fair. Like me, you need a woman and a home..."

"I can't say you're wrong," Antoine said. "But what is to be done? You have rights, more rights than I have. It's very complicated..."

"I know Alexandrine is pleased to see you," Baptiste said. "She didn't say much, but I know it's true. It would be nice if you could stay." He gripped the edge of the kitchen table with both hands and looked determined but embarrassed. "It would be nice if we could both stay," he said in a low voice.

The two men tried to hide their confusion by puffing hard on their cigars. Antoine was the first to speak again. "Do you think it's possible?" he asked. "There is Alexandrine to be considered."

"That's true," Baptiste said. "We must be fair to her."

There was another long silence, then Baptiste said: "Wait here—I will go upstairs and talk to her. If she is agreeable...If she isn't... He shrugged.

Antoine looked at his watch again. There was still time to catch the midnight train back to Paris, back to his miserable little hotel room.

Upstairs he could hear the murmur of voices. Then he heard Baptiste coming back downstairs.

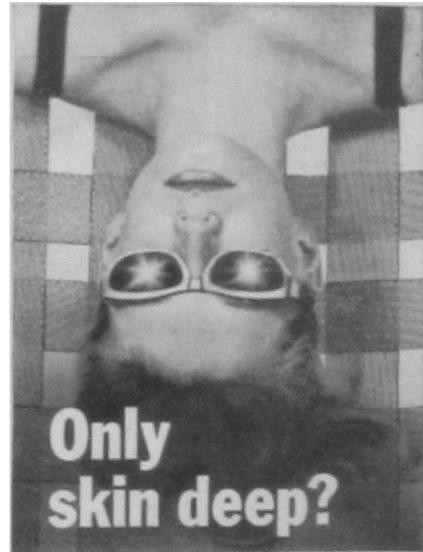
Baptiste was smiling. "It's all right, old friend," he said. "We will give it a try—the three of us. We will give it an honest try."

Antoine didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

"More wine—that's what we need," Baptiste said. "But I must be up early in the morning. I have an important bit of work to take care of."

"What's that?" Antoine asked.

"To make us another bed, of course," the carpenter said.



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## The Man Who Couldn't Get Enough

(Continued from page 18)

power, he became a hopeless glutton. It was about this time that he began to show his victims glossy photographs of himself with all the big European movie queens.

Some of them bore the most flattering testimonials: "All my love to Wilfred—the one photographer who knows how to put my best face forward. Brigitte Bardot." "To Willy with undying gratitude. Claudia Cardinale." "To my favorite German, Wilfred Krueger. Sophia Loren." Of course, they were all clever fakes whipped up in Krueger's dark-room. Even Wilfred was competent enough to know how to superimpose one photograph on another. It worked like a charm.

Even the girls who might otherwise have told Wilfred to drop dead were forced to believe the "evidence" of their own eyes. Since Wilfred was Sophia's favorite German, how could they help but admire him? Under the stimulus of their admiration, Wilfred's personality began to undergo a change. Now that he was accepted as a friend of the stars, he began to act like one himself. He became arrogant, impatient and very hard to please. Where he had once been content to snag moderately pretty girls, he now began to pick and choose.

Fortunately for Wilfred, Hamburg is a city of beautiful women, so there was no problem. He was riding high and he gave no thought to where his several seductions a day might lead him. Working the careless genius role for

all it was worth. Wilfred didn't seem to care if he earned a living or not. The girls would provide, he assured himself, and they did. Those who didn't come across with cash presents washed his shirts, rubbed his back and cooked gourmet meals.

As a creative genius, Wilfred refused to be rushed when some young lady became anxious about her movie career. If she became too insistent, Wilfred, like the heart-breaker he was, tossed her out on her shapely fanny. While doing so he solemnly assured the malcontent that because of his enormous influence she would never work in movies anywhere in the world—and that included the Japanese movie industry.

Except for a few wilful broads, Wilfred's only trouble with his women was trying to keep their names and faces straight. When he did make a boo-boo he passed it off as the carelessness of a mad genius. For the most part, though, he worked his seductions according to a complicated schedule. It was hard work, but it was work he liked and overtime was always welcome. If he had worked half as hard at photography as he did at seduction he might have become the highest paid photographer in the world. As it was he became one of the most talked-about photographers in Hamburg, and this was long before he made the newspapers.

Other photographers—some young, handsome, talented, sincere—ground their teeth in helpless rage as Wilfred walked off with the best

looking women in northern Germany. Those who were hip to Wilfred's racket consoled themselves with the thought that sooner or later he was going to get hit in the head. Wilfred, meanwhile, continued to make history as a sexual hero. But even heroes are mortal, heroes make mistakes.

Wilfred's basic problem it seems, is that he wanted too much too soon. Like the man who staggers in from the desert and drinks too much water although he knows it's bad for him, Wilfred might realized that his seduction binge would lead to disaster, but he couldn't or wouldn't stop. There is no evidence that he ever tried to taper off. Perhaps he figured the law would get him sooner or later and so he wanted to go out in a blaze of glory. He did.

Wilfred's downfall wasn't the result of anything special. A few of his girls got together more or less by accident. They got to talking, as girls will. Wilfred's name came up by accident. And so the whole bizarre tale was unfolded.

Hell hath no fury like a woman who's been taken for a ride. And when you put a bunch of scorned women together, well the result is something like a small atomic explosion. Anyway, Hamburg shook and when it stopped shaking Wilfred was locked behind bars. Unlike Mexico, Germany has womanless prisons. Just how Wilfred will survive the next three years without a woman is a question that interests some German psychologists.

Like him or not, Wilfred Krueger must have been one hell of a fellow.



# SEX IN SAIGON

Mike Lemberg

Hip observers on the political scene like to think that Charles "Big Charlie" De Gaulle's feverish interest in the Far East is motivated by jealousy of the very special position Americans hold in Vietnam. After all, it was French know-how in sexual and architectural matters that made Saigon, the capital of the South, the most swinging city in the Orient. If you don't think THAT means anything, just remember that the Orient takes in such memorable tourist attractions as Hong Kong, Tokyo, Manila, Macao, Rangoon, and Calcutta. In its prime the city of Shanghai might have given Saigon some serious competition in the pleasureville field, but since the Chinese Reds have pulled down the blinds on Old Shang High it's a moot question.

Right now, allowing for the war or because of it, Saigon holds the title. It didn't win it by accident, it trained long and hard and it had some excellent coaches. For nearly a century—from 1859, when the French grabbed it, until 1956, when the Nhu family grabbed it back—beautiful, tree-shaded Saigon has had the reputation of being a place where gourmets and girl fanciers could feel equally at

home. Naturally, the girls of Saigon were sexy before the French arrived, but when you give a Vietnamese girl a French accent and a French attitude toward love—well, there's nothing sexier on this earth. For over one hundred wonderful years Saigon became famous as a city where the dedicated indoor sportsman could indulge in the most exciting sport of all—stalking girls. It has stayed that way through fires, floods, famines, and occasional "reformers."

Sexual bluenoses are never popular except with other frustrated prudes, and in Saigon one of the most unpopular was Madam Nhu of short but unpleasant memory. Back about eight years ago, when she was riding high, the wickedly cute but completely square Madam Nhu took over the "guidance of public morals" and tried to throw a sopping wet blanket over Saigon. Since her henpecked husband was President and her brother chief of the police, Madam Nhu didn't find many people willing to oppose her. Those who did—mostly French-born club and cafe owners—were told to shut up or face deportation. Vietnamese citizens who refused to abide by the new "morality" had their

establishments wrecked by Madame Nhu's goon squads. If they continued to oppose the Madame's one-woman crusade they were thrown into detention camps as "enemies of the state."

So, for a while, Madame Nhu had her way. The Twist was banned, the intimate little night-clubs where the swingers gathered were closed down. Finally, sad to say, the swingers themselves were clapped in irons. Within a few years an otherwise cool scene was turned into something like Salem, Massachusetts, on a wet Sunday morning in 1666. The fact that U.S. money and expertise was propping up her picayune little dictatorship didn't bother Madame Nhu at all—she came right out in the open and ordered Vietnamese girls to stop fraternizing with the lustful Yanks. Don't-call-me-Madame's attitude was simple: "We need the American's money, but we don't have to dance with them. We don't have to sleep with them."

Any Saigon swinger who broke the new rules, and was caught doing it, was quickly packed off to the concentration camps supervised by Madame Nhu's sinister brother-in-law. Girls the Madame thought capable of being "saved" were persuaded,

(continued on page 48)

janet halliday

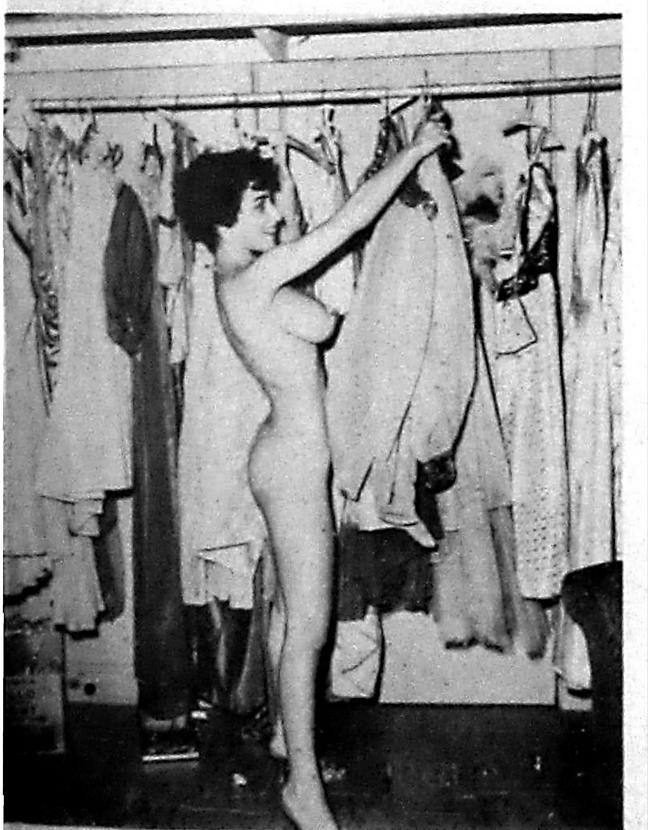






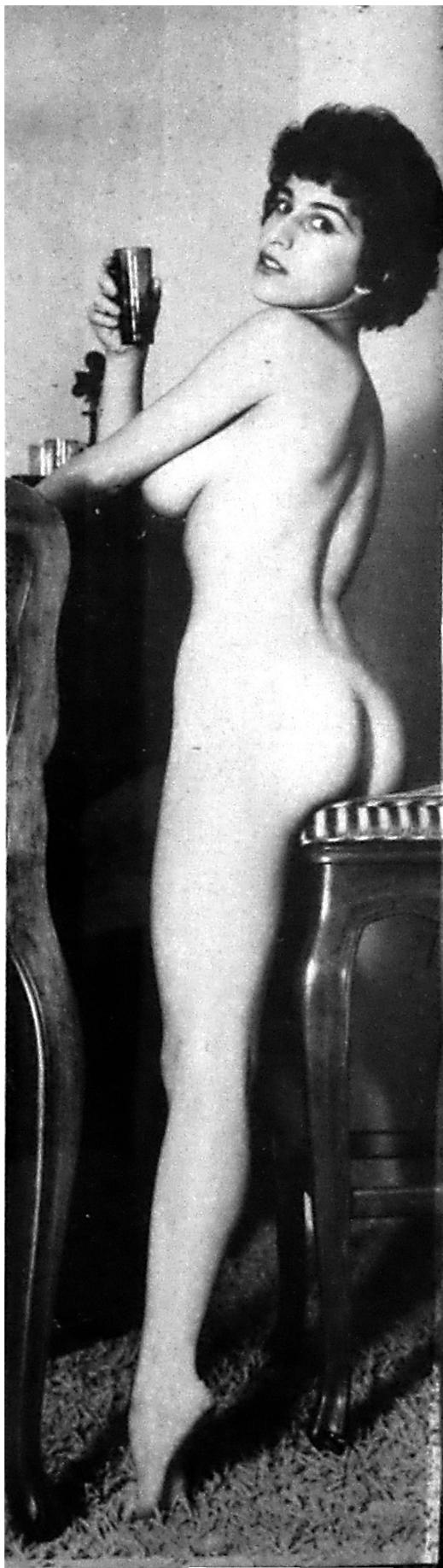


Janet Halliday is a rebel—a happy rebel—but that doesn't mean she was born in Dixie. Janet rebels against things she doesn't like. Her latest protest is against the well-advertised notion that blondes have more fun. "My natural hair color is light brown," says Janet, "so it would be easy for me to go blonde except I don't want to. Janet, an opinionated lass from Fallsburg, N.Y., went so far as to dye her hair an even darker color. I won't stay with it," she says. "It's just a gesture of defiance. Anyway, what's all this stuff about blondes? Some of my best friends are blondes, and I'm not knocking it, but it's sort of silly, if you ask me. Some girls just aren't meant to be blondes, no matter what the ad agencies say." Some of the other things Janet doesn't like are "the Little Boy Look" from France, perfumes for men, girls who iron their hair to make it Beat-





nik-straight, social protest songs sung by guitar-niks who drive Jaguar XKEs, movies with a message, people who park their gum under theater seats—things like that. "But I do my protesting with a sense of humor. Without it you're as dull as yesterday's tapioca pudding." Now a resident of Los Angeles, Janet models and thinks of a future in politics. "Everybody else is doing it," she says. "Steve Allen—everybody—you know! I'd like to start small, then build up to maybe the State Assembly. I'd also like to write a newspaper column. I did it in high school. I'm the sort of person who has to say what's on my mind." Keep swinging, Janet.





## SEX IN SAIGON

(Continued from page 41)

if that's the right word, to enlist in the Vietnamese version of the WAC'S, an organization commanded by—you guessed it—Madame Nhu. The girls didn't like it, but the Vietnamese Constitution as interpreted by the Nhu family failed to include any article guaranteeing freedom to sleep around. Saigon is too sophisticated to have an old fashioned red light district, but if it did have you might say all the lights were turned off at the main switch.

Saigon stayed sad until the Nhu brothers were bumped off by other political mobsters and Madame Nhu left home to nag the rest of the world, particularly the corrupt Americans she blamed for her downfall. Madame Nhu never got back to Saigon and, as you might imagine, she hasn't been missed except in the same way you miss a nasty head cold after it's cleared up.

Madame Nhu's jet had hardly cleared the Saigon Airport before the dam of repression burst. In downtown Saigon, all along the leafy boulevards that give the city its name, "Paris of the Orient," it was like VE Day in Times Square. There was dancing in the streets and all sorts of frolicking indoors. It was like coming across a swimming pool in the middle of the desert—everybody shucked their inhibitions and dived right in. Happiest of all were the Saigon cops, many of them hold-overs from the gay old French regime who had never had their hearts in Madame Nhu's anti-sin crusade. More French than the French themselves, the Saigon police could never see the sense of running in young ladies for doing what their mothers and grand-

mothers had done before them.

Naturally, the girls were delighted. In the Far East there is none of that forced morality that makes life hard for swingers, both men and women, in the Western countries. While many of the Saigon ladies are compelled by the acute shortage of men (happy thought!) to settle for transitory relationships, to be polite, they would much prefer to find a semi-permanent man, a protector. Just like some American women who run through husbands like a runaway diesel truck, the girls of Saigon see nothing wrong in having a series of protectors. Unlike many American women, however, the Vietnamese woman is faithful to one man at a time. Love as we know it, the confession magazine kind of "love" is not an important factor. Young girls brought up amid the grim realities of life in the Far East are willing to settle for kindness, a comfortable place to sleep, a reasonable amount to eat every day. Green American servicemen who "fall in love" with the Vietnamese chick they're "protecting" naturally expect the girl to be



delighted and they are often angered and confused when the girl reacts as if a gross breach of etiquette has been committed. And so it has.

Guys who have been in the

Far East for some time know better. The girls of Saigon, the real professionals that is, take pride in their professionalism. Any guy who comes on with the hearts and flowers approach is breaking one of the oldest rules of boy-girl behavior. He's breaking an unwritten contract that states—in return for kindness, home-cooked meals and other benefits, the man agrees to treat the girl kindly, to pay the bills, to keep matters on an uncomplicated level. And talk of love and marriage definitely complicates matters. The girls aren't used to it, they don't like it, it embarrasses them.

Servicemen new to Vietnam and still hipped on Hollywood style "love" sometimes find this attitude cold and unfriendly. In time, however, they learn to appreciate it. This, of course, is not to say that American servicemen and Vietnamese girls don't fall in love. They do, but they are a small minority when you consider the number of Americans who keep their Vietnam sex lives simple. GI's who have served in Germany find the Vietnamese girls a refreshing change. In their view, the German girls are the greatest, especially in the hay, but they have one big failing—they want to get married and come to America, which they sort of regard as a bigger and better West Germany.

Vietnam is free of all that. A guy who loves and leaves a Vietnamese girl need never feel a sense of guilt. He doesn't have to worry about paternity suits or complaints to his commanding officer. If he survives the war, he can go back to his wife or steady girl with a perfectly clear conscience. That's because the girls of Vietnam still haven't been spoiled by daytime television and the more

aggressive ladies' magazines. Like all Far Eastern women they have been taught since childhood that their greatest happiness lies in the art of pleasing men. In return for this, they demand only kindness and respect. The roughneck GI with the two-dollar method of introducing himself doesn't get far except with the up-country natives or the city girls nobody else wants.

Now that the Australians and New Zealanders have joined the fight against the Reds—every eighth serviceman now in Vietnam is NOT an American—the Yanks are facing serious competition for the first time. While they're out fighting the Viet Cong the Americans and their Down Under allies are the

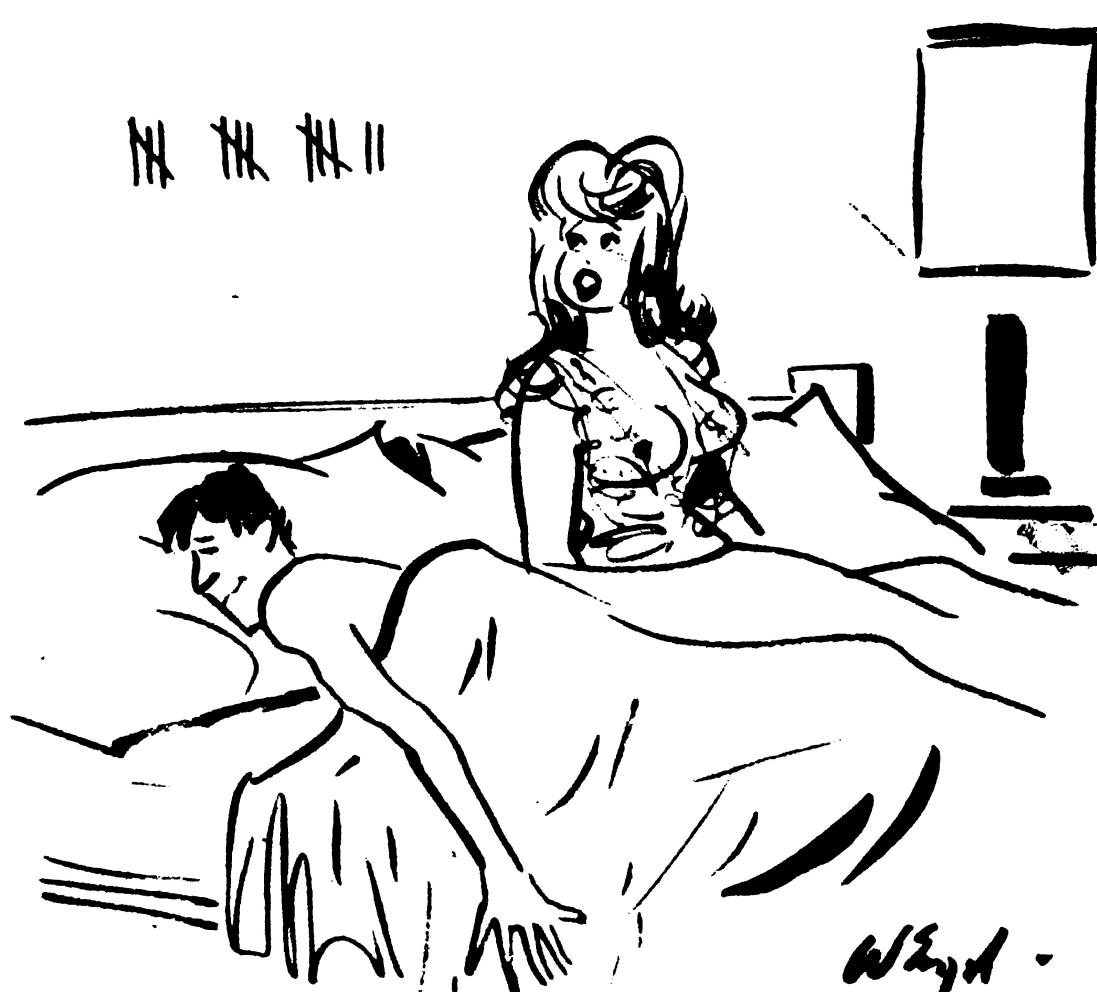
best of friends. Where the comely Vietnamese chicks are concerned, they fight like sex is going to be shut off tomorrow. This pleases the Saigon girls no end. If anything, they hope and pray that soon troops from all over the world will start pouring into Vietnam. That way they will have a better than even chance of snagging a "protector" of their very own. The Yanks and Aussies and Anzacs who are there now hope and pray that reinforcements from other countries will not be needed. Their attitude is—"We don't want the girls to get spoiled. If they did—they'd be just like the girls back home in Detroit and Sydney and Wellington."

You can't really say that the girls of Saigon are adequate

compensation for being drafted and sent to Vietnam. But they ARE some sort of compensation. If you're too old for the service, just remember—the war can't last forever, and there will come a time when a tourist trip to Vietnam will be just what the doctor ordered. A very nice hip doctor, of course.

Recently an overly solemn news magazine reporter asked a young GI if he knew what he was fighting for in Vietnam. This was in downtown Saigon—a place in which you are bound to hit a beautiful woman no matter how you threw a marshmallow. The GI thought for a while. "All I can think of is girls," he said. "Sorry pal."

Actually, it was a good answer.



"YOU COLLEGE BOYS AND YOUR CRAZY RECORDS . . ."

## SHOW BUSINESS

(Continued from page 8)

and the first time they appeared together in public on stage, they literally "ran away with the show."

Thus far the Tijuana Brass has made a few public appearances, always in some of America's best-known clubs, auditoriums and concert halls, and their double-bill appearance with Johnny Mathis at the Hollywood Bowl September 11th, capped a brief record of standing-ovation performances that promises to go on for a long time to come. Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass is a group that is also becoming familiar to television viewers, through appearances on some of that medium's major variety shows, including the Al Hirt Show, Danny Kaye, Dean Martin Show, Hollywood Palace, Red Skelton Show, and Mike Douglas' highly-rated program.

Still in his twenties, slim, black-haired and dark-eyed, Herb Alpert looks as though he might have come from South of the Border himself. He didn't, but his Latin good looks add a romantic touch to the albums bearing the A&M label and his vocal, instrumental and arranging talents give that special something to the music he calls "Quasi-Mexican—a combination of American and Mariachi."

How does a hit get that way? Let Herb Alpert tell it. "One night a friend of mine, Sol Lake, was playing a tune on the piano—something called 'Twinkle Star', one of those persistent melodies that pop into your head when you wake up, and refuses to go away. It seemed to me to lend itself perfectly to a Spanish tempo. We worked with it for a while, adding trumpet, piano, bass drums and mandolin, using my voice and that

of the mandolin player, plus a girl singer."

"Then we incorporated the sounds of the Tijuana arena—the trumpet call as the bull comes out, the roar of the crowd, all the noise and excitement of the bull ring."

Thus trotted out "The Lonely Bull." In a matter of days, he was galloping. San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, then from all across the country, distributors began clamoring for the A&M disk.

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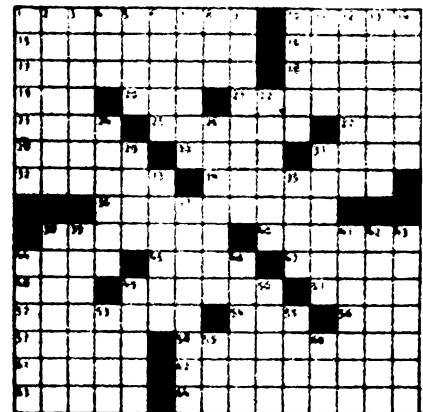
It didn't just happen. "You have to know where you're going," says Herb, whose earliest dreams were of being a jazz trumpeter. He comes from a musical family—his mother plays the violin, his father the mandolin, his sister the piano and his brother the drums. "We could have had our own orchestra, and doubled as a basketball team." His brother was the only professional musician in the family until Herb started blowing his own horn.

Even in his motion picture work, which Herb always regarded as a plateau on the way to the musical top, Herb often wound up on the trumpet or the drums, as in "The Ten Commandments"—I had played the drums in the scene where Moses is coming down the mountain."

His two years in the Army were spent as solo trumpeter with the Sixth Army Band at the Presidio in San Francisco, where he kept in practice the hard way, which included playing taps for as many as eighteen funerals in one day.

Herb's pretty wife, Sharon, and young son, Dore, round out the home picture of this young man with a horn, and a future as bright as Tijuana Brass.

What's a  
6-letter  
word  
for  
"Peace of  
Mind"?



Easy: "Procto".  
Short for proctological examination.  
Used to detect possible cancer of the colon and rectum. Commonest form of internal cancer.  
Inconvenient? Takes about 10 minutes.  
Once a year.  
Cancers of this type are curable. If they're caught early.

'Procto'.  
Pronto.

american  
cancer  
society



"THE PRISON PSYCHIATRIST RECOMMENDS YOU NOT VISIT YOUR BOYFRIEND —  
HE HAS DEEP FITS OF DEPRESSION AFTER YOU LEAVE."

Max lit his third cigarette. He counted the other three in the coral colored ash tray as he lit this one. He looked at his watch. It was almost two. He wondered if she would even be awake. He looked around the room again and thought it was exactly like the sets in all her movies—much too expensive to be thoroughly believable. He could not help feeling a little uncomfortable in such a room. He had always expected that a hotel like the Waldorf would be something very special once you got inside, but this room out-did any preconceptions he had formed and he smiled to himself, removing the cigarette from between his lips and then he heard her voice saying, "Max..." And even saying no more than his name, he knew it was not the same voice, the one he had known, the one he had somehow hoped to hear even though he had seen all her pictures and he had heard her speaking in this new voice they had managed to stick down somewhere inside her.

"Max," she said. "I've kept you waiting and I'm sorry. Max, how are you?"

She came sweeping out gracefully in a long pale blue chiffon gown. He was not sure whether it was a lounging robe or a night-gown or a very fancy dress of some sort.

He got up from the couch. He reached down and pressed his cigarette out nervously in the ash-tray and he smiled at her. "Annie" he said. "Or should I call you Lauren now?"

"It's Annie," she said. "Of course, to you it's Annie. Max, I am so glad you came."

"I admit I was a little surprised to get your telegram," he



## WITH A MOVIE STAR



said. "You know how I am with telegrams."

"Still afraid of them?"

"I just don't like them," he said.

"I should have remembered."

"It's O.K. Don't worry." His round face made a clumsy smile to show her it was perfectly all right.

Max." She toasted him and then took a long swallow from the glass. "Ah...better," she said. "It wakes me up."

He watched her cross the room again to where he was standing. When she walked the gown opened in front so he could see her long fine legs. It was made of a material you could see right through and he noticed this now for the first time and it embarrassed him. He could see she had nothing on under the gown.

"I was hoping you'd come to see me before this," she said.

"It's not easy," Max said.

"For you?"

"Listen," he said. "You remember two years ago when you were in town? Well I tried to see you then. I came to the hotel and everything. And you know I couldn't even get to your room. They wouldn't let me upstairs even. They thought I was some kind of nut or something."

"You came to see me then?"

He nodded. "Sure," he said.

"Then you did want to see me," she said, smiling, and turning away from him for only a moment as if she did not want him to see the expression on her face change. "I'm so glad you told me that, Max," she said. "I really am."

"But you wouldn't have come to see me if I hadn't sent it, would you?" she asked him.

"I thought first maybe something was wrong," he said. "You know, like you were sick or something. But the maid, she said you

were all right. She said it was nothing like that and believe me Annie, I was glad."

"Max, did Ethel mix you a drink?"

"For me, it's too early," he said. "You know me, a little schnapps aftersupper, it's plenty."

"Mind if I mix one for myself?"

"Mind? Why should I mind? Go ahead. Please."

She went to a table off in a corner of the room. On the table were several bottles, an ice bucket and at least a dozen glasses. She placed two ice cubes in a tall glass and then filled it halfway with Scotch. She turned to him, raising the glass. "Breakfast," she said lightly and she laughed. "Here's to you,

Neither of them spoke for several moments. She had more of the Scotch. Then Max said, "You know, Annie, you look real good with the blonde hair."

She laughed softly, suddenly very grateful for the warmth of Scotch inside her now. "With the blonde hair," she said, half to herself. "Yes. I look real good, don't I?"

"Like a regular movie star..." Then he stopped. He had not realized what he was saying. She smiled, shaking her head, looking at him and then they both laughed together.

"I didn't mean..."

"I know," she stopped him. "I know. I remember how you always used to say that."

"You know, I got to tell you something, Annie," Max said. "You know I feel a little funny just being here with you like this."

"Funny?"

"I mean after seeing you on the screen and everything," he said. "It's like all of a sudden some guy says to me, hey, you want to meet Garbo and I laugh

maybe and then right away I'm talking to Garbo. You know what I mean?"

She shook her head, her mouth beginning to pout slightly, but he saw only the sultry look of it and not whatever sadness might have been there. It was a look he had seen many times on billboards advertising her pictures.

"You are the man I was married to for three years, aren't you?" she asked him.

"Am I the what..."

"My husband," she said.

"Once upon a time, sure," Max said. "But on Lincoln Place, not in the Waldorf Astoria Hotel."

"Five years is such a long time, isn't it?" she said. "I don't think I really knew how long it was until just now. I mean, seeing you..."

"It's funny, you know," Max said. "I mean talking about it like this. Only last week, I was reading in a movie magazine about you and that Rodney Williams and your kid and the house and everything. You know the one I mean? It told all about how you built the house together and how he drew the plans for it and how you take the kid with you all the time, wherever you go. They had a picture of the three of you out by the swimming pool that was very nice. No fooling."

She smiled at him and then she came up to him and she reached over and gently touched the side of his face in a way that surprised him and the look of his eyes hurt her for a moment so that she drew her hand away and she started to turn from him, and then she leaned in towards him to feel his body with her body and she rubbed her cheek quickly against his; then she moved back.

Max stood there. He was not sure what to say or do. She was

(Continued on page 64)

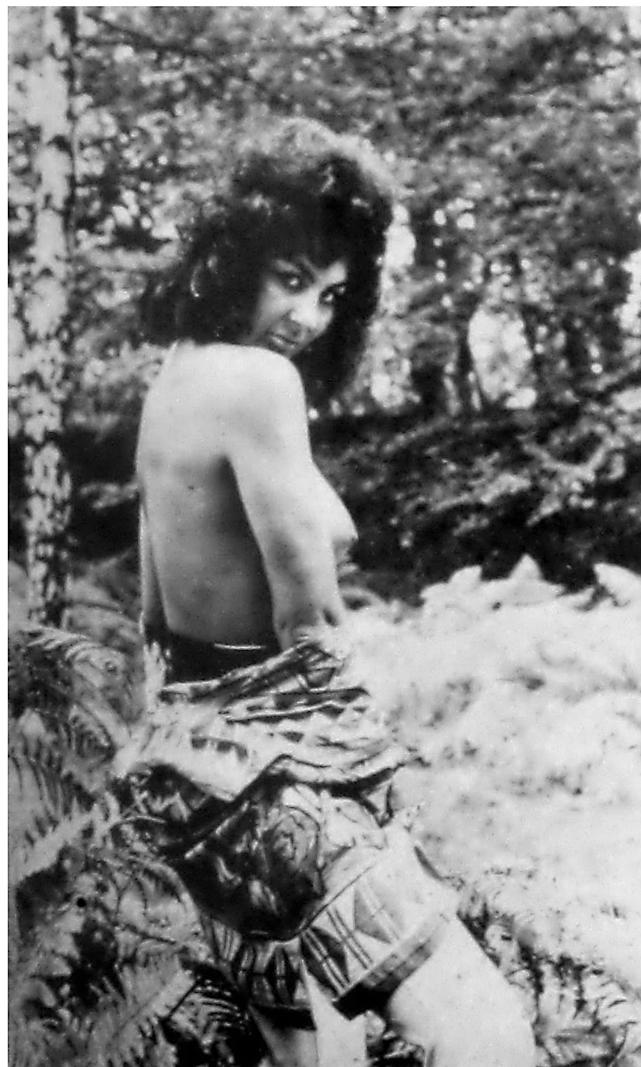
# JEANNE MOLYNEUX



Jeanne Malyneux thinks her rather steady upbringing in a prim New Hampshire village is responsible for her unique sense of wildness. "It wasn't at all like Peyton Place," she says. "It was too small for anyone to get away with anything. The biggest scandal I can remember is when Mr. Derrickson, the druggist, tried to climb up the side of his house one night after a Christmas party. He had had a ballpoint pen between his teeth and he told the police he was Errol Flynn. That was ten years ago and they still call him 'Captain Blood.'" Now a happy resident of the Virgin Islands, Jeanne still shivers when she recalls those long northern winters. "Down here I can be my real self—uninhibited, free, wild as I choose



to be. No gossiping neighbors, no snow, no tire chains. I like to take off my clothes and run wild on the beach and in the woods. A lot of people who play PSYCHIATRIST should save their money and come on down here. I won't say it will cure everything that ails them, but it certainly won't do any harm." Jeanne likes the Virgin Islands because they haven't yet been overrun with tourists. "There's still lots of privacy if that's what you want. Most people do. The great thing is—you can have parties and privacy at the same time. Will I ever go back to New Hampshire? Well, maybe—after I'm completely thawed out."











# LEGALLY SPEAKING



"IS THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY CHALLENGING JUROR #4 OR IS HE MAKING A PASS?..."



"THEY LAUGHED WHEN I RETAINED YOU FOR MY ATTORNEY, DOLL..."



"I INTRODUCED MYSELF BY SAYING I WAS AN ARTIST AND WOULD LIKE TO PAINT HER-....."



WENZEL

"HAVE YOU CHECKED HER CREDENTIALS?-. SHE  
DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A LAWYER TO ME..."



WENZEL

"IT'S FROM THE MISSING PERSONS BUREAU. THEY'VE  
FOUND YOUR WIFE..."



WENZEL

"SMILE, SIR---YOU'RE ON CLOSED CIRCUIT TELE-  
VISION..."



WENZEL

"WELL, IF YOU'RE GOING TO MARRY MY DAUGHTER  
I GUESS THAT MEANS I'LL HAVE TO GO STRAIGHT."

**WITH A MOVIE STAR**  
*(Continued from page 54)*

wearing flimsy open red shoes with very high spiked black heels and she stood at least two inches taller than he did. Even in flats, she had been a little taller than he and he had never been able to get used to that, walking with her, somehow always aware of it, even though she had told him many times that it did not matter and he was being very foolish.

"How are Hazel and Marty?" she asked him. She sipped at the Scotch. She had almost finished it.

"I don't see them so much anymore," Max said. "They bought a house out on the Island."

"And you, Max—you're not married again, are you?"

He shook his head. He glanced around quickly at the room. "I've never seen such a beautiful place," he said.

"You know you haven't changed much," she said.

"I'm getting bald a little," Max said.

Then, turning from him, walking slowly to the window, her hands clasped in front of her as if she were about to play an important scene in an important picture and the light from the window catching the gold of her hair and she said, "Max, I asked you to come here because I want a favor from you."

"A favor from me?" He pointed to himself, surprised, smiling.

"I don't want you to be shocked or angry," she said.

"What could I do for you?" he asked her. "Look at this..." He indicated the room with a waving motion of his hand. "And what I saw in the magazine... everything. You have everything and there's something I can do for you?" He seemed amused and flattered and not quite able

to believe what she was saying.

"Max, to get right to it—I want you to stay with me here for just tonight," she said.

His round face reddened slightly and his eyes had a look of sadness and confusion about them. He was sure she was beginning to make fun of him in the same way she had when, being signed to that first starlet contract as a result of the beauty contest in the Loew's Pitkin, she had told him he was only a small fat butcher and that was all he would ever be, with the blood of the stinking dead animals under his nails and then she had divorced him.

She turned to face him, gripping the filmy white curtains behind her. She had finished the drink and had placed the glass down on a table near the window. "You're very shocked, aren't you, Max?" she said. "I can see it in your face. You're as red as a beet. You always did blush so easily." She smiled, holding back laughter. She could feel the Scotch in her head now, but not enough. On an empty stomach she thought it would have worked quickly, but she would need another drink. "Max," she said, "I do wish you would try to remember that we were man and wife for more than three years. We slept in one bed, Max. All I'm asking of you is that we share that bed for one more night. Now is that so terrible? Is it?"

"You mean you called me here only so you could make fun of me?" Max said. "That's what you wanted?"

"I'm not making fun of you," she said very slowly as if she wanted to be sure he heard each word separately. "I'm quite serious, Max. I want you to spend the night with me. I want you to make love to me."

"Your husband..."

"Yes, yes. I know," she said.

"The kid..."

"I would rather not go into all that. Please..."

"Not go into..."

"Max, it's quite simple," she said. "I..." But she stopped. She let go of the curtains behind her and she shook her head as if she were trying to set the words free from somewhere inside of her. Her arms hung down straight at her sides, her fingers clutching now at her thighs. "I want to be with you again, Max. Just once. I want to feel what we had. I want...to be a woman again, Max...It's been so long..." Then she looked directly into his eyes and he did not turn away and she saw he was smiling in a funny, almost boyish way she could not remember. "Well?" she said. "Will you stay?"

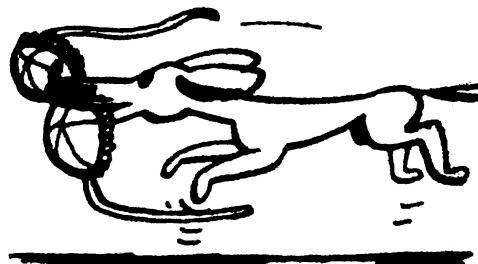
"Tonight?"

"Yes..."

Max nodded. He shrugged his shoulders in a soft, humorous manner. "All right," he said. "All right, so I'll stay."

"Oh, Max, I'm so glad," she said. And her body, motionless, seemed to move closer to him and her eyes became quickly warm and her body seemed to become another body, not perfectly straight as it had been, the shoulders rounded in slightly, the hips settled more firmly on the long hard thighs. "You don't know how long it's been..."

Max smiled. "Imagine," he said, shaking his head as if he could not quite believe what was happening. "Just imagine... with a movie star!"



## MATTER OF APTITUDE

(Continued from page 26)

ing before.

J. PERROLIO ASSOCIATES was a floor of offices in one of the larger buildings in the town. Mr. Perrolio greeted Pete like an old friend and welcomed him into his private office within seconds of Pete's presence being announced.

"Well, my boy, sit down, sit down." He said jovially, throwing himself into a reclining chair.

Pete sat on the edge of the nearest chair and tried to take stock of himself and his surroundings. The office, if it could be called that, was luxuriously decorated. Thick wall to wall carpeting, paintings on the walls. It looked expensive.

"I understand I've been recommended to you sir?" Pete said hesitatingly.

"Yes, yes my boy," answered Mr. Perrolio, rubbing his hands together. "I will pay you \$250 a week, and you work when I want you to. OK?"

Pete gasped. He opened his mouth to speak but nothing happened. Mr. Perrolio waited until Pete had composed himself, then grinning widely added: "Of course, when I see how good you are at your work, and I'm sure you will be very good, you will be paid much more."

"Exactly what is it I am to do sir?" asked Pete, regaining his composure.

"Organization planning and security." Mr. Perrolio wasn't smiling any more. "I will want you to observe certain people, study them, and plan their 'accidental' deaths. Making sure that there is no way of any violence being detected."

Pete gulped. "You want me to murder people?"

"Oh no, of course not. You

haven't the nerve for that sort of thing. No, no, Peter my boy, all you have to do is plan the operation—and plan it so well that there is no chance of detection. Someone else will do the work itself." He smiled.

"Believe me, to some people it is very easy."

"Sir, Mr. Perrolio, if, if I say no? What will happen to me?"

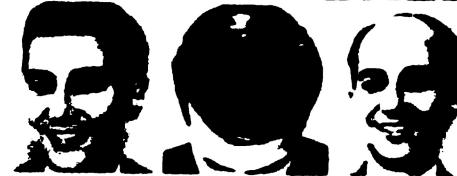
"Why ask? Look Peter; after a few trials you will be expert in your particular field—you have an aptitude for it! Do not ask what will happen. You know you would never be allowed to leave the building alive. Besides, you don't care about other people dying, your tests proved it. So lets just shake hands and consider ourselves on the same team."

He moved lightly to his feet and stretched out his hand. Pete hesitated for just a moment, then shook hands firmly.

Two weeks after Pete had started his new job, he approached his employer.

"Excuse me sir, I know your fee is \$5000 for your services but I wondered if possibly you might deduct something from my salary each month, sort of hire-purchase, until it was paid in full. Actually it's a very simple operation and I've already a good outline. The person concerned always leaves her home on a Friday evening between six and six-thirty..."

## NO NEED TO BE BALD



No need today to look older than your best. When you know you do, you feel better, do your job better—and you're more fun! Don't be ignored because you look older than you are. Clean, cool, new flexible base, contoured to each individual bald area. NO NET, NO GLUE, NO FUSS, NO MUSS. The only answer—TAYLOR TOPPER.

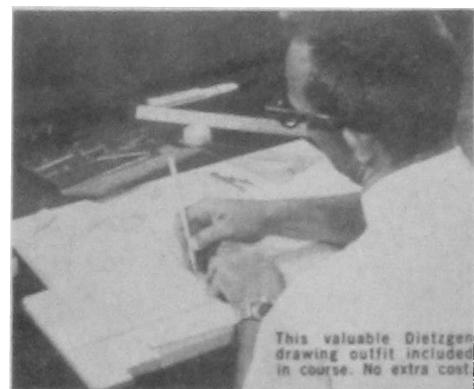
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116

## **Are The Movies Better Than Ever?**

(Continued from page 15)

forced to wonder if they could have survived for so long without the following scene: Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dash into an office building late at night just as the cleaning women are clumping about with their mops and pails. After getting what they came for, Astaire and Rogers invariably broke into a dance routine. Instead of being annoyed at this unorthodox bit of business, the cleaning women leaned on their mops and smiled benevolently. Sometimes the cleaning ladies formed an overweight chorus line and got into the act. And don't forget this was in the middle of the Depression years.

Outside the building Astaire and Rogers continued to dance, in fountains, on marble steps, on top of taxi cabs until some good natured Irish cop told them to "Get along with ye now before I run ye in."

Another character who seemed indispensable to old musicals was the talkative cab driver from Brooklyn. Sometimes he was James Gleason, who made a whole career out of playing cab drivers. Sometimes he was William Bendix. He talked. Lord, how he talked! Philosopher, poet, cynic, a friend to young lovers, he could never mind his own business. He specialized in helping young Broadway-ites make it big on the Big White Way. He loaned them money when they were broke, he fed them hot pastrami sandwiches when they were hungry.

A social critic too, he

liked to sass stuffed-shirt tycoons. Goodness knows how many times he showed Edward Arnold that "money ain't everything, brother. Why don't you and me ride over to Ebbet's Field and forget our troubles?" This last gambit was usually his way of getting the rich Heroine's father out of the way while she married the talented but impoverished songwriter Hero. We shall not see his like again except on the Late Late Show.

Perhaps you're old enough to recall the sadistic Japanese officer who spoke perfect English and was a graduate of U.C.L.A? He hated Americans, not for political reasons but because they had turned him down for the ball team. This guy was a real fiend, especially when he ran into one of his old classmates from Southern Cal. When last heard from he was still hanging around Central Casting, still unable to believe the good old days are gone forever.

But they are gone—and it's a crying shame. Television has adapted some of the grand old cliches for its own use, but somehow TV just isn't the same. There is no substitute for Saturday afternoon at the movies with popcorn and chewy candy and a lot of kids yelling in the dark.

**Who says movies are better than ever? Who indeed?**

## **GREAT LOSERS**

(Continued from page 22)

losing.

Losing, as we have shown, is an art. Some people are natural musicians. They don't have to work hard to become great. Others not so gifted go through a bewildering series of ups and downs before they make it big.

Don't forget--anybody with guts and perseverance can be successful.

**It takes real talent to be a Great Loser.**

**Next time you open  
your big mouth...**



...keep it that way long enough to let your physician or dentist examine it.

For oral cancer. It's not common—but why take chances?

So next time, open wide. Meanwhile, your local ACS Unit has a booklet on oral cancer, free. Something to chew on.

**american  
cancer  
society**

**READ GENT  
TOO  
IT'S GREAT**

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